

# *THE American Girl*

JULY 1947

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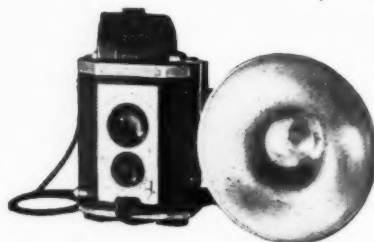


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# THE American Girl

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Cover photograph by William Benedict

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: \$2.00 for one year, \$3.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.; Dwight H. Early, 100 North La Salle Street, Chicago 2, Illinois; Hannon & Willson, 412 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14, California

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS, NATIONAL ORGANIZATION, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

VOLUME XXX

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulation

NUMBER VII



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More women choose KOTEX  
than all other sanitary napkins

\*T. W. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

July, 1947



"Oh, Red," she said, "I'm glad you're back!" And, surprisingly, so she was

# Junior Cavalry

by REGINA J. WOODY

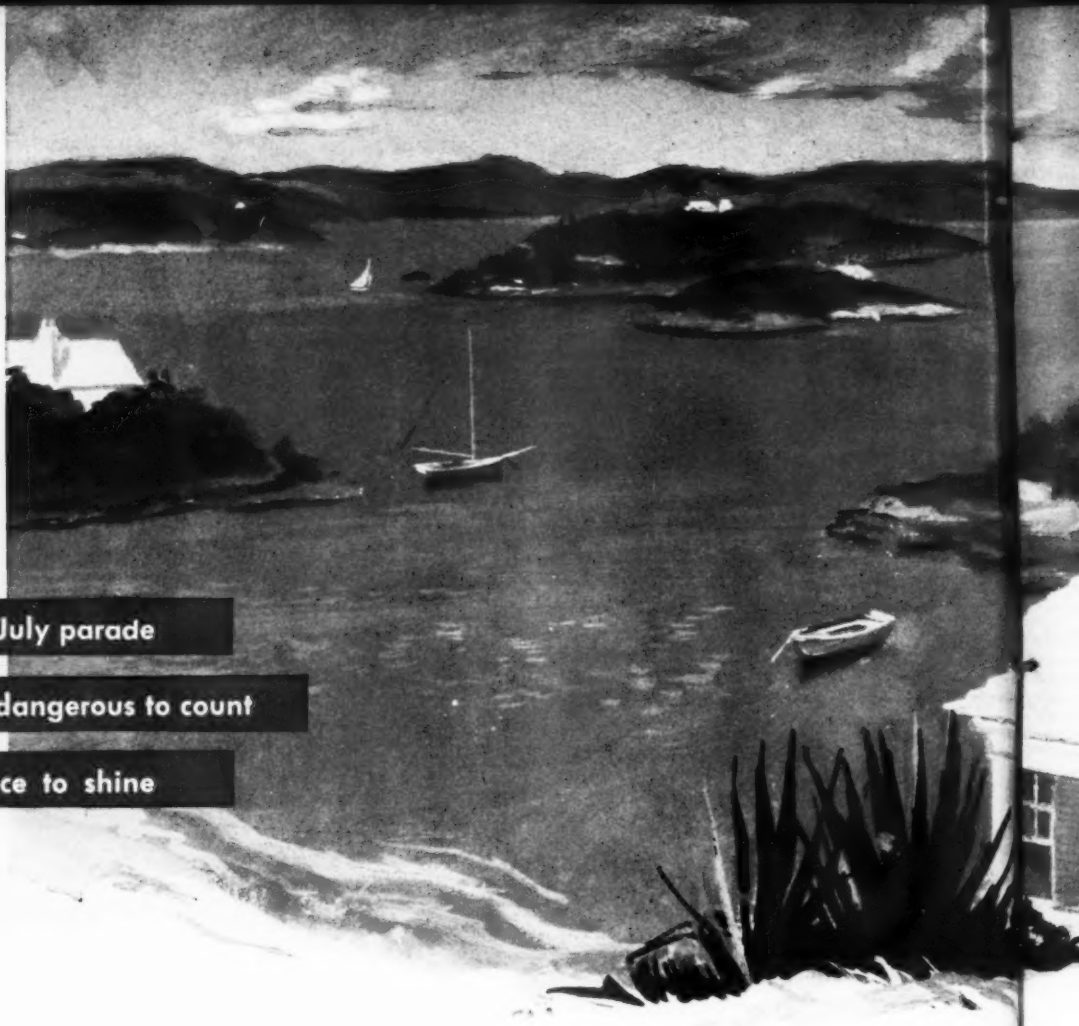
NANCY let her fingers slide along Glory Girl's reins until they were exactly six inches from the bit. That was the correct distance when one was standing still and holding a horse. She took a deep breath. It just didn't seem possible that anyone could be as happy as she. Today she would ride at the head of the Bay Shore Troop of Junior Cavalry. Today she would wear the bars of a cadet lieutenant.

The sunlight sifted through the leaves of the maple trees on the village green and glinted on the gold stripe of her blue uniform. The rich, sweet smell of warm leather mingled pleasantly with the fresh tenderness of the bruised hot grass.

Nancy sighed happily. What a wonderful year this had been. Three terribly exciting things had happened since she and Red Carleton had met in Bermuda. First of all her father, Captain Davenport, had hardly returned from Europe before he had been ordered to Connecticut to give a special



Illustrated by  
RICHARD BAUER



A colorful Fourth of July parade

taught Nancy that it's dangerous to count

too soon on the chance to shine

series of lectures on eyes. He had rented a house almost next door to the Carletons' and she and Red went to the same school. Best of all, though, she had been accepted in the Bay Shore Junior Cavalry Troop.

For seven months Nancy had been a part of the troop, and how she loved it. Her father had bought her a new horse, Glory Girl, a beautiful dapple-gray mare. She shifted her hands on the reins a little and patted Glory Girl's neck. "Steady," she said. "Steady, Glory. We've got to be good today," and Glory Girl nodded her head obediently. The way she did it made Nancy think of Star and the time Red had started to teach her drill on Bermula's white roads.

It had seemed silly at first to stop and start and wheel around, to see that Star's nose was exactly beside Red's Bronze Boy's. It had been pretty tiresome always to keep the same distance away from Bronze Boy, especially on long rides and turns; to make sure that Star would stand interminably without shifting his weight as they sat at attention, staring at the blue water of Hamilton Harbor.

"Oh, Red, what's the use?" she'd asked once, when he had insisted on teaching her the commands. But he'd been determined. "Assemble—Ho!" he'd say when they met. "Troopers right about—Ho!" he'd say when he wanted to turn. "Trot—Ho!" was easy, but it was sometimes hard to remember that "Squad—Ho!" assumed she was a whole squad and must come to a halt, Star's nose just four feet from Bronze Boy's croup. If she was beside Red, her knee had to be just six inches from his. Red was so serious, and gave commands so

crisply and clearly, that Nancy obeyed. They meant so much to him.

"What's all this about?" Captain Davenport had asked Red soon after he'd returned from abroad. "You two cut a very nice figure on the roads, but the Island is buzzing with questions. Are you training for the Army cavalry?"

"In a way, sir," Red answered. "Before I had polio I was a member of the Bay Shore Junior Cavalry. When I get home I'll be riding with it again. You see, Dad thinks that group riding is fine training in citizenship. He says it teaches courage, obedience, and perseverance. I guess you know, sir, that when you can't control your horse it's always your own fault and not the horse's."

Captain Davenport nodded his head. "Sort of puts the blame for failure squarely where it belongs, doesn't it?" he asked. "No alibis accepted. Who started the Junior Cavalry? Do you know?"

"Colonel R. Potter Campbell, M.I., U.S. Army, organized Junior Cavalry of America in New Jersey," Red answered. "There are also many other individual military units for children under the direction of parents' committees, home-guard cavalry units, or riding schools. Mostly, even though the riders wear uniforms, the cost is kept as low as possible, and there are scholarships for kids who haven't the money but love to ride. Boy, is it fun! We have a swell leader back home, a Miss Davis, the daughter of an Army colonel. She's the best rider I know."

Thank you," Captain Davenport smiled at Red. "How

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Nancy thought of Star and the time when Red had begun to drill her on Bermuda's white roads. It had seemed sort of silly at first

about a troop here? Could you train a dozen other youngsters?"

"I'll say! I mean, yes sir," Red blushed at the slip. And that was that. A small troop, sponsored by Nancy's father, was recruited, and because Nancy already knew a little more about drill than the others she was commissioned to help Red. Soon a young lieutenant from the Army base offered his help and began to ride with them. Nancy's father brushed up on drill and gave them some pointers. In late summer the troop actually gave an exhibition of simple drill at the Bermuda horse-show grounds with Red in command and all the troop in white uniforms.

Then had come the move to Connecticut—and how the year had flown! Father had commuted to New York to give his lectures. Mother had taken a course in fashion design so she could teach when she got back home, and Nancy and Red went to the same Junior High School, to the Fortnightlys on Friday evenings, and rode with the Junior Cavalry every Saturday. Nancy had learned how to care for Glory Girl, learned to be courteous, and to carry out commands. She'd learned to think for herself, for her horse, and for the other members of her unit. Indeed, she found drill quite as exciting

basketball or ice hockey.

Christmas had come and gone. School was over, and soon now Nancy would be going back to Bermuda, for her father's

orders to return to the base had come through. There he was now. She looked up as Captain Davenport came striding toward the stables. Again she admired his military bearing. He was wearing his dress uniform, because today was the Fourth of July, and his ribbons were rainbow-hued.

"Father," Nancy said, "yesterday was the happiest birthday of my life. I have everything I want." She took his hand and leaned a little closer to Glory Girl. "I've had a lovely winter up here in Bay Shore, but I'll be glad to get back to Bermuda."

Captain Davenport smiled down on her. "I'm glad you feel that way," he said. "As soon as this assignment is finished, I'll be out of the Army and then it's back home for us. "Bermuda's a mighty nice place to be stationed. You've learned a lot about riding this year," he added. "I'm proud of you. Took a lot of patience to train Glory Girl."

"Oh, Father!" Nancy looked up at him, her eyes shining, her whole face aglow. "Father, that's the nicest thing you ever said. Thank you."

He looked a little embarrassed at her delight and laying one hand on her shoulder, squeezed it hard, but said nothing more. The first few notes from the Veterans' Band gave him an excuse to say, looking at the reviewing stand, "Guess I'd better be getting back. I'll be watching you."

(Continued on page 47)



# Shoestring Theater

## PART TWO

ANN DRESSED carefully in her best yellow linen and wide-brimmed white hat for the trip to her father's office. When she arrived at the mill Mr. Darnell was telephoning, and waved her to a chair.

Wait, wait, wait! Would she always be waiting for something she wondered—for her birthday, for vacations, for the first crocuses, the first snowfall?

Her father at last put down the phone. "Somebody looks very nice today," he greeted her.

"Somebody is calling on a very nice person," Ann told him.

He sat there, turning over and over a pink glass owl paperweight which Susan had given him for Christmas.

"Well," he began at last, "the Chamber of Commerce has come through to the tune of one thousand dollars!"

Ann jumped out of her chair. A thousand dollars! "I must tell the girls!" she rejoiced, reaching for the phone.

"Wait, there's a string to it," her father cautioned. "It's only a loan, remember, made by hardheaded businessmen who must be sure of getting their money back. So they've asked me to guarantee that they will. How good a risk will your theater be for me?"

"The best there is, Dad. I've been doing some arithmetic." Ann drew a notebook from her handbag. "Meggsy said the barn will hold about one hundred—capacity audience. If we play five nights a week for six weeks and average a dollar a ticket, that would be three thousand dollars. Cut that in half—Meggsy says most theaters figure on fifty percent attendance—well, there's your thousand, with five hundred to spare for any miscalculations."

Her father studied the notebook. "Of course there'd be no salaries," he said. "No rent, a little advertising revenue. But there's no margin for fooling. It will mean hard work and lots of perseverance."

"What the Dees aim to do, they do. You know that, Dad."

He nodded. "Okay. I'll tell the Chamber of Commerce I'll endorse your note. Who's your treasurer?"

"I thought of asking Johnny McKeogh, who is our class treasurer at High. He's good."

"All right, you'd better arrange to have him meet Bill Patterson and me at the bank tomorrow."

As soon as Ann reached home with the

by **NANCY HARTWELL**

Illustrated by **MALCOLM THOMPSON**

## THE STORY SO FAR

*Could the Darnells—Celia, Ann, and Susan—start a summer theater in their barn? Influential Mrs. Torresy might persuade the Chamber of Commerce to finance the scheme but she liked to run things and was jealous of Mrs. Meggs, who agreed to direct the plays but guarded the secret of her actress past for fear it would hurt her doctor husband's practice. The theater gave Celia an excuse to invite playwright Reed Lester to spend the summer. No wonder the girls could hardly wait for the go-ahead signal from Dad.*

good news the place erupted in a burst of preparation. She and Celia were bent on organizing things as much as possible before Mrs. Torresy, with her dictatorial ways, should have a chance to step in and assume the leadership. They suspected that Mrs. Torresy, jealous of Meggsy's popularity, felt that the doctor's wife was a rival for prominence and influence in the affairs of the town, and they wanted Meggsy firmly established as their director.

Celia sent for a copy of Reed's play and it was discussed at the first official meeting of the Locust Lane Players. Everyone was enthusiastic about it, and Meggsy approved because it called for only one set, a small cast, and was not too difficult. Celia lost no time in sending the good news to Reed.

Two days later the Locust Lane Theater was going full swing. Margie's sign hung from a tree; Hank and Bill were clearing out the barn and wagon house; Susan, who had turned the hen-house into an office and volunteered to help Johnny with the business end, went

about proudly with the key of the petty-cash box around her neck; Ann, with a clipboard to hold her various lists, shuttled back and forth on endless errands; and Celia had gone to meet Reed's train.

It had been Susan's idea to coax Stan Jahowski, son of the farmer down the road, to be their electrician. He was a shy boy, but a wizard at anything electrical.

"I have to help Pop on the farm," he was explaining now to Meggsy, "but maybe I could help you at night. I'll ask Pop."

"Good!" Meggsy applauded. "I'll show you what we're planning, and you can tell Ann what you'll need."

"It's a good thing this barn's already wired," Stan told her after she had shown him what had to be done. "Even so, it'll mean plenty of work!"

Ann groaned when she saw his list. Already her shopping list was a yard long—henna-colored material for the bench pads they planned to make from an old mattress; crinkled tin pie plates for reflectors back of the lights; thread,



Ann looked into Reed's brown eyes and said, "Welcome to Locust Lane!"

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Wait, wait, wait! Would she always be waiting for something? At last her father put down the telephone

nails, paint— She went over to talk to Hank and Bill before going in to town.

"I've been thinking, Bill," she said, "can you get Wallie over for the meeting tonight?" Wallie was Bill's sixteen year old brother.

"Wallie? Sure, I can get him. The point is, can you stand him? He's an awful itch, you know."

"I like him," Ann said. "He's such a clown."

"You don't have to live with him. Who else is on your list?"

"Manda Graham—Go on, say it!" She had caught the look that passed between the boys. "You think she's a total loss because she's not glamorous. Well, she's

going to surprise you one of these days."

"Okay, maybe she's another Barrymore!" scoffed Bill. "But she'll have to show me. Anyway, we'd better hurry up and get some real actors!"

"Well, here comes one now," Ann told him, as Celia drove up and a tall young man helped her out of the car.

Celia said, "Reed, this is my middle sister, Ann. You may call her Rube—we all do."

Ann found herself looking into a pair of brown eyes set above high cheekbones in a long face.

"Rube?" He smiled as he took her hand. "Oh, no, I wouldn't call you that! It would be desecration!"

"Well!" Ann took a deep breath before she cried delightedly, "At last I've found a champion! Welcome to Locust Lane, Reed."

That night the Locust Lane Players held a meeting in the barn. There were eleven of them: the three Dee girls, Hank Harrison and Margie Trapp, Bill and Wallie Wheelock, Johnny McKeogh, Manda Graham, Stan Jahowski, and Reed Lester.

"Everyone here?" Meggsy asked looking around the barn.

"Everyone but Daniel Boone over there—he's only half here," Bill giped, pointing to the dim corner where Wallie, wearing a coonskin cap he had found in

the costume box, was lounging luxuriously in an old hammock. "I think Wallie will be our character juvenile," Meggsy laughed.

She consulted her notes. Bill would do straight juveniles; Hank would construct the sets, with help, of course; Margie would act and help Hank with the painting; Celia would act and take care of the costumes; Ann would stage-manage and act; Susan would handle the office work and help Johnny; Stan was to have a free hand with the wiring and lighting; Wallie was to fill in where needed; and Manda—she hesitated.

"But I can't do anything!" wailed the plain girl with the straight, light hair and the glasses that hid her lovely blue eyes. "She can do lots of things," Ann spoke up quickly.

"We'll put her down as our girl Friday, then," Meggsy said, "and I wouldn't be surprised if she turned out to be our character woman."

"But I can't act," Amanda gasped. "I'd die if I had to get up in front of everybody I know—"

The crowd burst out laughing and Manda turned scarlet. "No one will know you," Reed consoled her kindly. "You'll be disguised. We'll bill you on the program as Georgette Spelvin. When an actor plays two roles they always use George Spelvin for the second name."

Ann's heart swelled with gratitude toward Reed for saving her friend's feelings so tactfully.

"Well, now that you know your duties," Meggsy said crisply, "let's consider Reed's play. You feel we can handle it, Reed?"

He nodded. "It's simple, and I think there's enough acting ability here." His eyes swept the group and rested on Ann. "As you know, the lead is a girl who never really senses what is going on around her until after she has lost her sight. I've called it 'Second Sight' for that reason."

Meggsy turned the pages of the play slowly. "Let's see. It opens in the Baker living room—terrace at rear—" A knock on the barn door interrupted her and Mrs. Darnell and Mrs. Torresy came in, with Phyllis Torresy trailing behind them.

"Don't let us interrupt," Mrs. Torresy urged graciously. "I had no idea you'd begun rehearsals already." She looked the barn over critically as Meggsy excused herself to telephone. "I didn't dream the place was so small," she complained. "It doesn't make a very pretentious theater."

Ann started to speak, but caught the warning in her mother's eyes. Of course they had known Mrs. Torresy would investigate the Locust Lane venture when she had pulled the wires to get the money for it. They would have to be as diplomatic as possible to get her to accept their plans.

So Ann said pleasantly, "We haven't done much except clean up so far. But Meggsy thinks she knows where we can get some secondhand equipment—she's our director, you know."

"No, I didn't know," Mrs. Torresy seemed very much taken back. "I'd supposed you'd have a professional director."

"But Meggsy is—" Celia stopped herself abruptly. "Meggsy is wonderful—she knows so much about everything," she finished lamely.

"No doubt she does," Mrs. Torresy retorted. "But if you are going to make this a professional venture, as I assured the Chamber of Commerce, you certainly should have an experienced director."

Then she changed the subject abruptly. "I hope you're going to let Phyllis and me help you. She'd love it, wouldn't you, darling?" Phyllis nodded dumbly and the others murmured that they would be delighted of course.

"Well, that's settled then," Mrs. Torresy concluded brightly as she swept out, leaving Phyllis behind.

"What can you do, Phyl?" Susan asked the round-faced, pudgy girl.

"I don't know. But I'd be willing to do anything," Phyllis answered so humbly that Ann suddenly felt sorry for her. She wasn't to blame if her forceful mother took all the initiative out of her.

"We all expect to do a lot of things besides act, Phyl," she told her kindly.

"I have a suggestion," put in Reed. "Why don't we make Phyllis our property woman? It's an important job, and I imagine Phyllis knows enough people to be able to borrow almost anything."

"Oh, I do, I do!" Phyllis cried gratefully.

Ann's heart was again full of thanks to Reed. She was beginning to admire this dark-haired young man very much indeed.

Rehearsals went forward daily under Meggsy's wise guidance. The results she achieved were wonderful—even with Manda, who had been cast as Ann's colored maid. Ann had been chosen for the part of the blind girl, with Celia supporting her; Reed was playing the villain, leaving the masculine lead to Bill. Wallie was a brash young reporter, and Margie was Ann's older sister.

"We're going to get a little action into rehearsal today, now that you know your lines," Meggsy told them at the end of the first week. She chalked out diagrams on the floor of the stage, which had been extended several feet by Mr. Darnell's carpenters from the mill. "The fireplace will be about here, the French door here, this table will be the desk. We'll need a telephone. And be sure the bell rings, Stan."

Stan said he'd work it out.

"But in the meantime I'd be veddy, veddy happy to make like a phone and *br-r-r*," volunteered Wallie.

(Continued on page 26)

# Made for *Mermaids* ➤

And scheduled for summer fun, either lazily soaking up the sun or taking hours of strenuous practice on your crawl or back stroke! (Opposite): A drawstring belt makes the waist-

line snug on the shorts with skirt front of this novelty-stitched, wool-cotton suit with halter bra. Comes in dark blue, light blue, and red, in subteen sizes 8-14, and costs about

\$6. Gathering gives graceful lines to the skirt of this rayon jersey two-piece suit with bloomers underneath. White, porcelain blue, and California gold are the colors, teen 8-16 the sizes, about \$7 the cost. Both bathing suits are by Gantner of California.

Beach ball from F. A. O. Schwarz, Fifth Avenue, New York



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Before and after suits by McKem! Flower-print rayon jersey makes the bra and front of a two-piece suit with solid color back. In red or royal with white, about \$6 in girls' sizes 7-14.

Dual color contrast is repeated on the one-piece rayon jersey suit with bare midriff and shirred front, in teen sizes 10-16. Also in red or royal with white, about \$8.



**by FRANCES KOLTUN**

*Photographs by William Benedict*

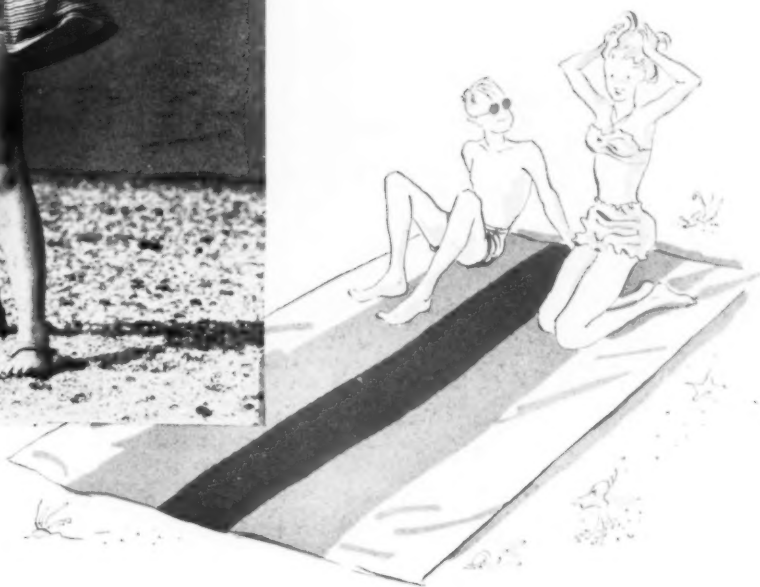


*For stores where these fashions  
may be purchased see page 26.*





Accessories—bathing cap with detachable chin strap and patented inner rim, about \$1.25; "Yachting," a cotton drawstring, rubber-lined beach bag, around \$3.50; "Gala," striped, rubber-soled beach sandals, about \$3; "Spread-a-bout," rainbow-striped throw of plastic, 53" x 72", about \$3—all by Kleinert at leading stores.



Jantzen designed this classic Lastex one-piece, form-fitting suit (above) in five delicious colors for about \$5 in teen sizes 14-18. To wear with it, a striped, boxy beach coat with carryall patch pockets and three-quarter sleeves by Favorite Originals, teen sizes 10-16, about \$6.



Bloomer girl, 1947, in a one-piece checked cotton suit, with ruffle trimming the halter neckline (right). Comes in teen sizes 10-18, costs about \$6. By Gantner of California.

# Mrs. Baxter's

# Butterfly

by KAY SELB

Illustrated by PUNKIE BENSING

Her first country-club dance—Doris had thought she would spread her wings before a breathless world. Then along came Ruth

DORIS opened her eyes and stretched languidly, a smile of anticipation on her lips. It was Saturday—the last Saturday before the beginning of summer vacation. This foretaste of freedom set her thoughts whirling in gay speculation. There would be all kinds of fun. Tennis, swimming, and—her thoughts lingered happily on the prospect—the summer dance at the country club.

She could hardly wait for the dance; it was to be the big moment in her life. Just wait until Danny Post sees me there with a college man, she thought. That sure will make things pop.

Ever since Danny had moved to town, over a month ago, all the senior girls had been agog over him. To date, however, Danny had managed to remain aloof, avoiding the traps that designing females laid for him. A man's man, Doris had decided, and just my meat. But how to attract his attention had been the problem to which she had been unable to find an answer. It was Peggy, her best friend, who had given her the clue, quite by accident.

"I hear Danny Post is tagging the dance," Peggy had said, "because all the femmes are trying to date him and he doesn't like being chased."

That was what had given Doris her inspiration. "That's it! I'll make him think he's chasing me!"



The minute Doris held up the flowered dress, Ruth was satisfied. "It's super," she breathed

To carry out her plan she had enlisted the aid of her brother Bob. At first he had been opposed to the idea but Doris and Peggy, who was Bob's date for the dance, had managed to high pressure him into fixing his sister up with his roommate as an escort.

Doris stretched again and wiggled her toes under the bed-covers. Nothing like a little competition from an older man, she thought, to stir the male population of this town into a fuller appreciation of my feminine charms. If things went well—and she could see no reason why they wouldn't—she'd be the belle of the ball, with gobs of men lined up for the rest of the summer. So even if Danny didn't notice her at the dance, she'd be sure to attract his eye before long by her popularity. "One might say," she said grandiloquently, toying with the pleasant prospect before her, "that I'll be like the butterfly coming out of its cocoon to spread its wings before a breathless world."

The breeze, as if in pursuit of her flight of fancy, suddenly billowed the curtains out so that the sun flooded gaily into the bedroom, almost as if mocking her eloquence. She made a wry face. "Well," she said defensively, "it sounded good when I read it! All right, so I'm not Cleopatra. At least I have no obvious deformities. My eyes are a fair shade of blue and when I wear my new white evening dress they'll seem bluer. And my hair," she raised herself to look into the dressing table mirror, "grows where it should—or does it?"

But Doris, for all her joking and gay spirits, was not one to fool herself. Even if she had been, the question of her hair could never cause her a moment of real worry. It was her most outstanding asset. What was it her father had said it reminded

him of? Oh, yes—"melted butter spread over her brown-as-a-biscuit face." My present from Mums, she mused. Quite a handy one, too.

As if realizing she was in her daughter's thoughts, Mrs. Baxter called from the foot of the stairs. "Doris! Are you awake?"

Doris smothered a yawn. "Uh-huh. I'm awake, Mums. Just daydreaming." She jumped out of bed. "What's doing?"

"Peggy called. She said she'd be over in a half hour. It's almost that now. And Burt—"

Doris groaned. "Oh, no, Mums, he didn't call again!"

"Why, what's wrong with Burt?" her mother inquired, surprised. "He's a nice boy."

Doris reached the railing and saluted Mrs. Baxter standing below her. "Hi!" she said, and then without pausing for breath, "Just calling wouldn't be so bad, but he keeps asking to take me to the dance."

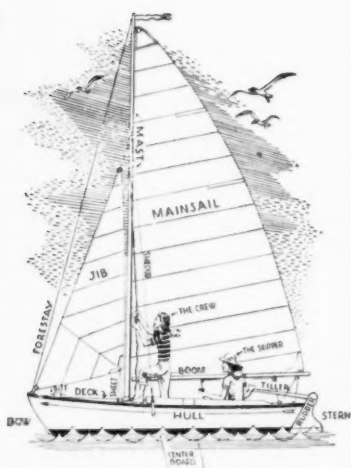
"That's a compliment, not an insult."

"You don't understand, Mums. Burt has the personality of —." She was momentarily at a loss for words. "He has the personality of a dead duck. Besides," she added airily, "I have a date."

"Really, Doris," her mother protested. The door chime cut short her reprimand. "I suppose that's Peggy. Put on your old slacks, will you, dear? I want you to help me clean the attic."

A short time later Doris, fully clothed, followed her mother into the living room. "Was that Peg?" Her gaze met that of her Aunt Clara and she stopped in her tracks.

(Continued on page 36)

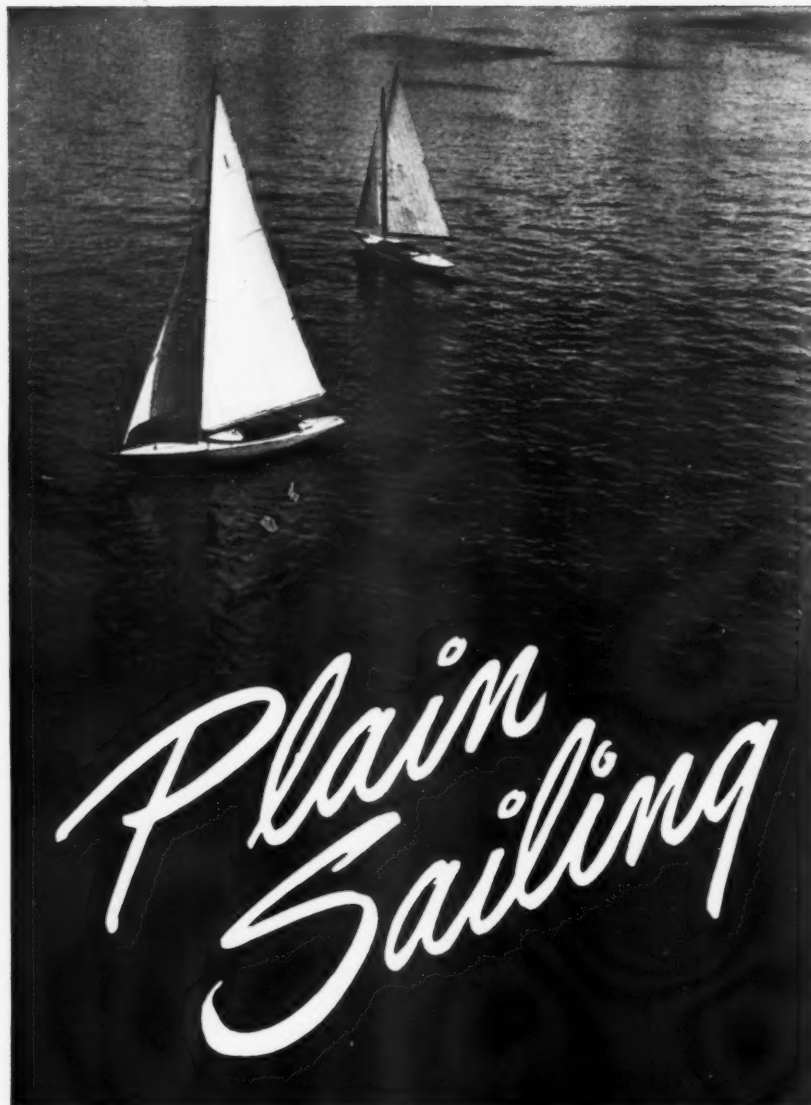


This drawing shows the important parts of a typical sloop. Study it, and then try a sketch of your own

Sooner or later you and a sailboat are bound to come to grips. Maybe it will be this very summer when you'll first dodge a boom and hold a tiller! But don't worry about looking like a landlubber. If you digest the lore and lingo here you'll be a useful crew and find sailing exciting fun

by **CHARLES M. DAUGHERTY**

*Photographs from European and Black Star*



**T**HE POSTMAN'S just brought a long letter from Linda, inviting you to spend two weeks in August with her and her family at the seashore. "We go sailing almost every day," she writes, "and you'll love it. You will be my crew."

Naturally you're all excited about the visit, but your heart does a sink at Linda's last sentence. Words like jib and boom, tack and halyard and centerboard flood into your mind and you nervously realize that not one means a thing to you, and that you'll have to get very busy and bone up on your seamanship. Linda won't expect you to be an expert sailor, because only months and years of actual experience could accomplish that. But you do want to be intelligent about winds and waves and canvas; to understand some nautical terms and the basic principles of sailing.

There are shelves filled with boating books at the library, of course, and your brother will gladly deliver a scientific

briefing on the general subject of sailing—but why not come for a trial run in our pretty sloop, the *Here's How*? There's plenty of room for all, so even if you're not a beginner, come along for the ride on this beautiful summer day.

A lively breeze is blowing and beyond the point sunlight sparkles on blue water. A rowboat is waiting at the end of the dock to take us to the *Here's How*, which tugs at her mooring out in the harbor.

A short row brings us alongside the sailboat and we clamber aboard her. The deck is warm and smooth beneath our feet. Soon the white mainsail is flapping up the mast, and then up goes the jib. As the mooring line is dropped and the sails fill with the wind, the boat becomes alive. Quietly we slide past the slanted mooring posts and the other craft at anchor. The harbor drops astern, and as we clear the point the breeze freshens. The cheerful gurgle of water flowing against the hull is the only sound in this





spacious seascape. The shore, with all its noise and bustle, already seems far away.

With such peace and quiet comes the satisfaction of being in harmony with the elements, of learning to use the wind and ride the waves, of understanding the moods and secrets of a wide new domain—in short, of becoming a sailor. But let's begin at the beginning and master the simple fundamentals. So while everything is snug and taut, let's take a look around and find where the beginning is.

Just one thing first, though. Would you please go forward and trim the jib a bit? What, you don't know what that means? Well, then, it's plain to see that we must start with vocabulary. The sailor speaks a language all his own, and not until we're familiar with it can we hope to make further progress.

We've just been asked to go forward. That's easy enough. To go forward is to move nearer the front, and the front of

a boat is always called the bow. The back is called the stern, and to move nearer the stern would be to go aft.

But at the moment we are going forward to trim the jib. The jib— isn't that the name of a sail? Certainly it is. The *Here's How* is sloop-rigged, which simply means that she carries her canvas on one mast. The mainsail, obviously, is the big sail aft of the mast. The jib is the small forward sail. Mast, sails, and the ropes and stays which support them are all referred to as rigging. The stay running from the bow to the masthead is the forestay. The stays on either side of the mast are the shrouds—the port shroud and the starboard shroud. You'll know which is which when you realize that as you face the bow of the boat, everything on your left is on the port side, and everything on your right is on the starboard side.

These stays and shrouds are known as the standing rigging. They support the mast and do not need to be handled

**Above:** A beat, a reach, or a run—can you name the maneuver this picture illustrates?

**Top left:** These girls know what shipshape means—and they leave their boat that way!

**Lower left:** A fleet of sloops gets squared away for its weekly race. Wind is variable

while under way. The lines and ropes which work the sails are called the running rigging. The lines with which the sails are hauled up are the halyards. There is a jib halyard and a main halyard. When a sail is hauled up, the halyard is made fast and is not touched again until it is time to take the sail down. But in addition to the halyard there is another line which is used for controlling, or trimming, a sail while it is up and pulling. This line is called a sheet. There is a jib sheet and a main sheet.

Now that we know some seagoing  
(Continued on page 46)





The picture on the left shows Maggie Teyte as she appeared, at nineteen, in DeBussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." Center: The English soprano as she looks today. Bottom photo pictures her singing the part of Hansel, 1913 style



# Meet Maggie Teyte

by CLARA ADAMS

Marcus Blechman

Moffett, Chicago

**S**HE was eighteen years old, but looked younger because of the two neat braids of shining hair that hung demurely down her back. As she glanced about the studio, her blue eyes widened at the sight of the piano where so many masterpieces had been born.

After a few moments, the eminent composer Claude Debussy entered the room and looked at his visitor in astonishment, for young Maggie Teyte scarcely resembled a successful opera star. But when he seated himself at the piano and invited his guest to sing, a clear, high voice rang out in a selection from Debussy's own opera, "Pelléas et Mélisande"—a voice that dispelled all the composer's doubts. Maggie Teyte had come into her own!

But the saga of Maggie Teyte really goes back to Wolverhampton, England, in 1889. "I think eight is my lucky number," smiles Miss Teyte today. "There were two eights in my birth year; I was born on April seventeenth (one and seven are eight); and I was the eighth of ten children."

The Tate family (this was the original spelling of the name, which Miss Teyte later changed so that the French public could pronounce it correctly—to rhyme with Kate) consisted of seven boys and three girls who, with their father and mother, lived on a large farm outside Wolverhampton. The ten little Tates helped milk the cows and care for all the farm animals, but Maggie likes to remember most the wonder-

(Continued on page 26)





by **PRISCILLA JAQUITH**

Illustrated by **CLARE McCANNA**

**D**ON'T LOOK NOW, but your feet are showing! Sunning at the beach, waiting on the raft for your turn at the diving board, lounging on the porch in your new thong sandals, your ten toes and your two heels are right out in the open for all the world to see. Are you proud of their looks and pleased with their performance? The answer is in nobody's hands but your own, and if yours was a frantic "No," this is the day to start taking steps.

The more you think and do about foot care, by the way, the more you'll see that it's not a mere beauty problem—that it's also a health measure of serious importance. Odd as it sounds, teen-agers are more apt to have foot ills than any other Americans from ages one to one hundred. It's more serious with you, too, for your feet are still growing and won't stop till you're twenty-four. So that little footache today may mean big aches are afoot for tomorrow.

Just ask anybody who say, "My feet are killing me," and you'll get some heartfelt footnotes on the backaches, shooting pains in the arch, sleepless nights, and all the rest of the misery that foot trouble can start. Quicker than anything else can it turn a hike or a dance into a gruesome endurance test.

No doubt about it, beauty enters in, too. Forehead frowns and wrinkles often begin with the feet, and pretty ones are actually so rare that photographers consider them the most difficult of all beauty points to find in models. So if you want to be pretty and happy from the ground up, give heed to a few wise words from two outstanding podiatricians—M.D.'s, that is, who specialize in foot health.

First of all, say these doctors, don't underestimate what your underpinnings do for you. Every time you take a step, you put a comparatively gigantic weight on a tiny cantilever bridge, the biggest arch of which is no longer than a new pencil. It's a construction job any engineer would be proud of, but its foundation is up to you. Give it good shoes—no flimsy spike-heeled swaybacks, save for dances, and no sloppy saddlebacks as shifty as a marsh. As for too-short bobby socks, they can do a world of damage. Make sure all your hose is at least half an inch longer than your longest toe.

What makes a good shoe? Hear our friend the podiatrician: "A laced Oxford made of lightweight kid or calf, soft and resilient over the toes, with closed backs, flexible leather soles, and heels not over an inch and a half high, is ideal."

You don't have to stick to Oxfords, though. Leather wedgies, ghillies, moccasins, spectators, with a little lift to the heel, are fine. There's no need to shy from platform soles, either. They cushion the sole and are tops for walking. Of course gum or rubber-soled saddle shoes, moccasins, or sneakers are fine in their place, but don't wear them on city streets, for they'll heat your poor feet like a blast furnace. Save them for the green grass and country lanes they were designed for.

All these shoes are fine then—if they fit. How can you tell? Two easy ways are:

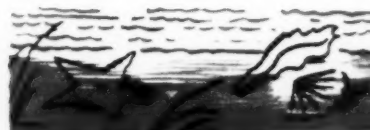
1. Be sure the ball of your big toe fits the ball of the shoe.
2. When you slide your thumb over the shoe at the base of your toes, see that there's a little looseness.

Make these tests next time you buy a pair. Don't insist on a certain size—shoes vary according to the style—and forget the bugaboo about buying a size larger than the last time. Instead, have your feet carefully measured, both of them, as one may be smaller than the other. Slip into the shoes and walk around on the shoe-store carpet in them, for your foot spreads when you step on it. Be sure each fits snug at the heel (your heel carries the greatest weight) and has plenty of roominess at the toe tips. If you're eleven to thirteen, get shoes half an inch longer than your longest toe; if you're older, a quarter of an inch longer. No matter how much or how little you pay for your shoes, these rules hold good.

Have a stable of at least two pairs of shoes, advise our foot doctor friends. Wear them alternate days and each pair will last half again as long as one pair worn constantly. The change rests your feet, too.

Naturally, even the finest, best-fitting shoes need care. Polish new ones before you first wear them, and give them a shine before you put them away each night, so that they're ready for the next wearing. If they get wet, dry them far, far away from a radiator, stuffing the toes with paper or using shoe

(Continued on page 28)



# Midsummer Makings



4970

4856

**4070:** Pattern for this versatile jumper includes blouse and an embroidery transfer. In sizes 10 to 16. Size 12 dress requires  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 39-inch fabric; blouse  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch. Price: 25c

**4970:** A trim frock for now and autumn has a snug-fitting bias midriff and an inverted pleat for front fullness. Sizes 11 to 17. Size 13 calls for  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35-inch material. Price: 25c

**4856:** Long torso accentuates a small waist and the easy, sling sleeves are effective. Sizes 11 to 17. For size 13,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards 39-inch material are needed, plus  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of contrasting. 25c

**4507:** The perfect dress for you, preteens—trimly classic, with a deep pleat and catchall pockets. In girls' sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35-inch material. Price: 25c

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** All patterns offered in issues of *The American Girl* before March 1947 are no longer available. Please do not order these numbers. Select similar styles from your April, May, June, or July issues. When ordering the six patterns shown on this, the July page, please use the handy order blank on page 46.



4507



4558



7381

**4558:** Newest pattern for a "sack" dress includes transfer for super belt! Sizes 11 to 17. Size 13 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 54-in. fabric, or use your dress length of tubular jersey instead. 25c

**7381:** Soft, full-skirted frock features simple embroidery, but make it plain if you prefer. In sizes 10 to 16. Size 12 takes 3 yards of 39-inch material. Embroidery transfer included. 25c

*These are American Girl Patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine and may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Department, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose exactly 25c for each pattern you want, and be sure to state size desired. We pay postage. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Turn to page 46 for a clip-out coupon for pattern orders.*



**GREAT EXPECTATIONS** (right)—Dickens' novel provides the story for this outstanding picture, in which a rough country boy is made into a gentleman by an unknown benefactor. The unknown turns out to be an escaped convict whom the boy had befriended and helped some years before. The benefactor has a beautiful daughter, and thereby hangs a romance. The excellent cast includes John Mills, Valerie Hobson, and Bernard Miles.



**HONEYMOON** (below)—A picture adapted from Vicki Baum's gay story of a young romance that overcomes all obstacles, woven against the sophisticated background of Mexico City's cosmopolitan and diplomatic set. Shirley Temple and Guy Madison play the honeymoon couple who run into difficulties, and Franchot Tone has the role of an American vice-consul. The supporting cast includes Lina Romay, Grant Mitchell, and Gene Lockhart.



**DEAR RUTH** (left)—A series of amusing and near-tragic misunderstandings begins when a younger sister takes a hand at writing letters to soldiers and sailors overseas in an attempt to get her older sister married. The fun begins when the men come home and look up their teen-age correspondent, whom they believe to be quite a bit older. A wonderful picture, with William Holden and Joan Caulfield playing the leading roles.

**SOMETHING IN THE WIND** (right)—This is a comedy of errors which revolves around a dead man's fortune, claimed by several people. An ancient romance, a check for a million dollars, and a feuding couple complicate matters, but all is well finally, especially for the couple who find themselves in love. Deanna Durbin and John Dall costar, supported by Donald O'Connor, Charles Winninger, Margaret Wycherly, Jean Adair.



**THE PERILS OF PAULINE** (below)—Betty Hutton and John Lund costar in this technicolor picture—a whimsical rendition of pie-tossing era movies, based on the life of the silent-movie queen, Pearl White. The picture will take you back to the days of nickelodeons, when movie goers had to stomp their feet for the next reel. There's a touching love story, and all the hair-raising adventures of the serial queen, plus some tears and lots of laughs.



**CYNTHIA** (left)—A girl kept too close to home, and therefore high-strung and sickly, suddenly blossoms out in independence and health when given a chance to think and act for herself. Elizabeth Taylor stars in this teen-age drama, with Mary Astor playing her mother. With them are Jimmy Lydon, George Murphy, S. Z. Sekall, Gene Lockhart, and Spring Byington. You'll have fun with these characters.

...SPEAKING OF **MOVIES**



# No-Cost Housing

by ELAINE A. WALLER



Illustrated by JOHN C. MURPHY

The gay ideas here can cause a Lilliputian building boom in your neighborhood—or set you off on a pin-money project all your own

OVER the smooth surface of the scummy water it floated—a ten-room mansion with green shutters, a real stairway, and two massive chimneys. And when the backwash in our flooded basement had retreated down the drains, the cherished Christmas dollhouse was nothing more than a soggy pile of warped cardboard.

Tragically, Little Sister viewed the salvaged furniture and evacuated occupants who stood, disheveled and dripping, on the ping-pong table. Obviously something had to be done—and done immediately.

Neither of us remembers today who first spied the orange crates under the stairs and thought of them as unfurnished, two-story apartments. It doesn't really matter anyway. The important thing is that the very next afternoon we were at work in the dry attic, turning the orange crates into spacious and fully decorated residences for the doll *evacuées*.

With little sisters all over the country, dollhouses have always been in a luxury class with double-dip ice-cream cones and trips to the circus. Perhaps the story of our no-cost Lilliputian home furnishing will inspire you and your little sisters to become paste-and-paper carpenters. When the dolls are ready to move into the new apartments you may want, of course, to step out of the picture, letting Little Sister take over alone from there. But if you don't find this housing project a high point of the summer we miss our guess. It's a real challenge to clever fingers, and remember, it's through model rooms that many professional interior decorators work out their theories of color and furniture arrangement.

This project has other attractive angles, too. First, if you have a peak-proof workroom and a small cousin or niece you want to surprise next birthday or Christmas, what are you waiting for? Next, if you're working with Brownie-age girls this summer—either on a volunteer or paying basis—you'll find dollhouse-making a magic source of interest on the hottest and rainiest days. And last but not least, if you develop enough skill and enthusiasm to hang out your shingle as a builder of miniature houses, you've a nice pin-money project right before

your eyes, for many a mother will be glad to place her order for an inexpensive two, four, or even six room orange-crate home for her daughter's dolls.

In our case, Mother supplied us with remnants of wallpaper for the rough walls, and we went to work with a pot of library paste. We soon learned not to paper the spaces between the boards, since the paper bulged, cracked, and tore there; instead we utilized them as long windows, curtained from the ceiling with scraps of colorful chintz and white lace from the rag bag.

Over the widest cracks Venetian blinds made from white cardboard and shoelaces were added, insuring complete privacy for the orange-crate tenants. The cardboard was cut into strips about 2" long and  $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide, and small holes were punched near each end. Through these holes we strung the shoelaces, thumbtacking the upper ends to the wall near the ceiling. The blinds were made wider than the spaces between the boards, to create the illusion of broad windows.

Rug samples and pieces of heavy wool, fringed by us, became floor coverings for the dining room, living room, and bedrooms, while the kitchen's checkered "in-laid linoleum" was a woven mat of red-and-gray paper strips.

Furniture was the next consideration, and small cardboard boxes served as the foundations for beds, chairs, and tables. One bit of scissors carpentry of which

we were particularly proud was a bedroom bureau. First we covered an oblong cardboard box with blue paper. Four glass push-pins made feet, and drawers—with keyholes, of course—were drawn in black ink. The drawer pulls of tiny pearl beads (the dime-store variety) were stitched to the cardboard.

Above this we hung a small purse mirror, around the edge of which we had glued a frill of white lace. An inch-high cold-cream jar was stuffed with cotton and the bulging top covered with a patch of beige silk to form a vanity-table stool. Sheets, cut from old white hankies, and beige ruffled bedspreads for the Hollywood style twin beds, completed the glamorous ensemble.

Mother's discarded magazines and old Christmas cards looked as though moths had feasted on them after we had plundered them for miniature pictures to paste on the walls. Outdoor scenes in painted black frames were the most popular, but we were successful in finding tiny silhouettes of Martha and George Washington for the living room.

On the cardboard mantel over the painted red-brick fireplace, where a rosy cellophane fire glowed continuously, we set two blue birthday-cake candles with thumbtacks forced up their bases to enable them to stand erect.

No living room would have been complete without a floor lamp. The stem of ours was a yellow pencil established on a

modeling-clay base, and the lamp shade was fashioned of red silk stitched to a pipe-cleaner frame.

Other accessories included miniature handmade books and magazines, and thimble-size vases which had originally been perfume-bottle caps—the screw-on kind. Tiny paper napkins and lace-paper doilies, very much cut down, solved the table-linen problem.

A minute square of plaid oilcloth covered the kitchen table, and on the wall a clock, which had begun life as a toy train wheel, perpetually registered seven fifteen. The round white face was cut from paper and pasted on, the hands and numerals having been painted on first.

**S**INCE no playground was to be provided for occupants of the orange-crate housing development, it was obvious that they would be forced to seek recreation in the home; and so we began to build a play garden on the roof.

First we cut out a piece of old Turkish toweling approximately one foot square, dyed it bright green, called it grass, and turfed the roof. In the center of the garden we placed a ping-pong table—a proportionately-sized board, covered with green paper and supported on empty spools. A strip of green hat veiling stretched between two nails constituted the net; cardboard paddles covered with orange-and-green paper, and a pearl ball (cheap strands break so easily!) lay invitingly on the table.

A sandpaper path led to one corner of the roof, monopolized by an orange-colored cardboard sandbox containing bird gravel, and a looking-glass wading pool for renters' toddlers. A swing fashioned of twine and pasteboard and supported by a white pipe-cleaner frame occupied another corner.

Encompassing the entire roof garden was a white pipe-cleaner fence, secured in shallow holes which Father drove with a fine awl at intervals of one inch around the edge of the roof. One end of a length of cleaner was secured in the first hole, the other end curved into the third; ends of the second piece of cleaner were forced into the second and fourth holes, and so on until a complete latticework border had been made.

Working every afternoon after school, we furnished two four-room apartments in eight days. The homes were readily leased to their dwarf renters, all of whom lived happily ever after!

THE END

You'll enjoy furnishing an orange crate dollhouse for little sister





# Slick Tricks for Sewing Susies

by MARY PARKER

Illustrated by AL AVISON

**C**AN YOU stitch a fine, professional seam, or is your sewing only so-so? Whichever it is, these bits of needlecraft strategy will make the job progress more smoothly.

**On the button.** Do your buttons seem to pop off almost as soon as you sew them on? That may be because you anchor them too tightly to the cloth, so the thread is strained every time they're buttoned. Give the button a slightly longer mooring by placing an ordinary straight pin on top of the button and working your stitches over that. When the job's all done, just pull out the pin and you'll find the button has exactly the proper amount of slack.

**Invisible thimble.** If a thimble seems to make your sewing finger about as nimble as a swollen thumb, try devising your own custom-made thimble by painting two coats of colorless polish over the nail and finger tip before you begin your needlework. Makes the finger tip impervious to pricks, and can easily be swished off with a bit of polish remover when the job is done.

**Short and to the point.** A little sheath for your sharp-pointed embroidery scissors can be contrived by sticking an ordinary bottle cork on the tip end of the blades. A neat sort of scabbard, it eliminates sewing-basket hazards and may be decorated with paint or colored nail polish if you're feeling fancy.

**Shipshape tape.** If your tape measure tends to tangle itself into an angry

snarl when you leave it loose in sewing box or dresser drawer, try coiling it neatly around an emptied adhesive-tape spool. The cover clicks neatly into place over the wound-up tape and keeps it clean. Paint and decorate the lid to taste.

**Breadboard, thread board.** A plain round breadboard makes the basis for an ultra-efficient filing system for your variously colored spools of thread. The idea is to nail a dozen or more plain, three-inch nails into the board in an orderly pattern of concentric circles, leaving about two inches of each nail protruding. Now enamel the whole business, equip it with a ribbon loop (staples driven into the edge of the board will do to run the ribbon through) and hang it on the wall of your room in your favorite sewing corner. The spools slip nicely over the heads of the nails and needn't even be removed from the board when a bit of thread is needed.

**It's a snap!** Do you ever have difficulty locating the place where the second half of a snap should go, once the first half is sewed in place? It's really easy once you learn this trick: first sew on the part of the snap that has a little protruding "tongue" in the middle, and rub the very tip with a piece of chalk. Now put the two pieces of material to be snapped together in the desired position and press with your fingers. There will be a white dot in the very spot where the second half of the snap should be sewn. See?

THE END





## Shoestring Theater

(Continued from page 10)

"All right!" Meggsy rapped for order. "Give Manda her telephone cue, Wallie."

Wallie did a realistic *br-r-r* just as the door burst open and Susan and Phyllis appeared. "We put all the posters up in the most strategic places," Susan panted.

"And the farmer gave us this basket of mushrooms and let us put a poster on his fence because he thought Susan was poisoned," Phyllis added.

"Poisoned!" Ann exclaimed. "Susan, what were you doing?"

"Just trying to convince him about the poster. We offered him passes for the show, but he didn't want them, and he got mad."

"I was scared," Phyllis interrupted. "But Susie stuck it out. I'd have left her if she hadn't discovered the mushrooms."

"So at last we come to the mushrooms," Bill observed caustically.

Susan's glance was withering. "The field was full of them, and I asked him if he ever sold them and he said he guessed *not*, they might be poison. So I ate one to show him they weren't, and he got frightened and took us up to the house. When he saw I was all right, he admitted maybe I knew about mushrooms and we went and picked this basketful—"

"And put the poster on his fence," Phyllis boasted. "He's coming to the show, too."

Meggsy laughed. "I think we've got the right publicity gals," she said. "But now we must get on with rehearsal."

They went through the routine several times, until the stage began to seem to Ann like a well-furnished room. It was funny what your imagination could do. Then Meggsy called a halt, and began to correct the mistakes she had caught.

She was in the middle of this when there was a new interruption. Mrs. Torresy was being helped through the door by a very elegant young man in sports clothes, a vivid scarf tucked into the neck of his camel's-hair jacket. He hesitated a minute, surveying the place from ridgepole to stage.

Mrs. Torresy fluttered up to Meggsy. "May I say a word?" she asked. Without waiting for permission, she went on, "You know how interested I am in our little group. Since I have—well, sponsored it, to some extent—I am much concerned with its success. I could see plainly, the other night, how badly you need an experienced director. I knew it wouldn't be easy to find one, since we can pay only a small salary, but I'm sure you will be delighted to know that I have just the person—Mr. Vincent Vaughan, straight from New York. I must admit," she simpered archly, "that I had to use all my powers of persuasion before he consented to come to us. Stand up, V.V., and take a bow."

The group sat for a moment in stunned silence. Meggsy was the first to recover.

"Do forgive us, Mr. Vaughan," she exclaimed. "I'm afraid we all have forgotten our manners. We're very glad to have you."

"Yes, of course," Ann said. "But—but we already have a director! We asked Meggsy at our first meeting, and she's been doing a wonderful job."

"As I told you the other day," Mrs. Torresy replied tartly, "if this is to be a professional venture, you certainly need professional direction. I'm sure Mrs. Meggs means well, but good intentions can never take the place



### OUR JULY FASHIONS

ON THE COVER you see models Jerry Fox and Sandy Madigan squaring away for some fishing. Sandy would rather be at the ball park, but Jerry likes fishing and feels very much at home in the broad-striped sweater shirt and cuffed, white gabardine shorts. Sweater shirt, by Regina, is about \$4 at Altman's, New York; Kahn's, Oakland; and W. M. Whitney & Co., Albany. Shorts are by Derby, about \$4, at D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass. Fishing rod and picnic basket from F. A. O. Schwarz, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Our "Made for Mermaids" fashions can be bought at the following stores:

Page 11—Two-piece wool suit, by Gantner, at Gimbels, New York.

Page 11—Two-piece rayon jersey suit with skirt, by Gantner, at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago.

Page 12—Two-piece flower-print suit, by McKem, at Wm. Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland.

Page 12—One-piece bare-midriff suit, by McKem, at Wm. Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland.

Page 13—Classic one-piece suit, by Jantzen, at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago; Demery & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Page 13—Beach coat, by Favorite Originals, at Hecht Co., Washington, D.C.; John C. MacInnes Co., Worcester, Mass.

Page 13—Bloomer-girl suit, by Gantner, at O'Connor, Moffatt & Co., San Francisco.

of experience. Don't you agree with that, Mrs. Meggs?"

"I do indeed, Mrs. Torresy," Meggsy answered. "But I am surprised that you made any arrangements without consulting the rest of the group."

"We do appreciate all that Mrs. Torresy has done, of course," Reed put in, "but I think it would be a mistake to change directors now."

"I'm afraid you don't realize how important this is, young man," Mrs. Torresy told him. "I promised the Chamber of Commerce that we would do a thoroughly professional job with this theater, so that people will feel it worthwhile to patronize it."

"Since Dad's guaranteed our note," Ann protested, "I don't see what the Chamber of Commerce—"

"And we have no provision in our budget for salaries," Bill put in.

"Then we'll have to revise the budget. I was not consulted when you drew it up, anyway. The point is, we must all remem-

ber that the success of this whole thing depends upon whether or not we can draw large enough audiences to repay the Chamber of Commerce loan. I certainly should not feel justified in assuring my friends they would see professional performances unless we have a professional director."

Everyone was aware of the implication. If Mrs. Torresy were to swing her influence against the Locust Lane Players, their chance of a successful season was dubious.

"I don't see—" Ann, seething, was about to speak when Meggsy interrupted her.

"Please," she said. "I'm sure you all must see how embarrassing this is to Mrs. Torresy, Mr. Vaughan, and me. I was happy to help, and I love you all for your loyalty, but since Mrs. Torresy has found an experienced director who is willing to take over, I think I should step out of the picture. I know you will all co-operate with Mr. Vaughan as wholeheartedly as you have with me." She turned to V.V. "You'll find them grand to work with—there's some real talent here."

Ann bit her lips to keep back a protest. "Mrs. Torresy just couldn't stand Meggsy's playing a more important part than she," she thought furiously.

(To be continued)

## Meet Maggie Teyte

(Continued from page 18)

ful smell of her mother's bread baking; the romps with their St. Bernard dog, Nepper; the pleasure (forbidden) of climbing the apple trees.

There was always good music in the Tate home, for Mr. Tate was an accomplished pianist, and an aunt of Maggie's had been a well-known singer. "I never played with dolls," recalls Miss Teyte. "Instead, I borrowed everyone's music and learned it." This gave her a good-sized repertoire of songs, plus a determination to embark on a musical career as soon as possible.

After the death of their father, the Tate family moved to London. Maggie, aged twelve, applied for admission to the Royal College of Music. The director was loath to admit so young a student, but after hearing her sing, he decided that such great talent must not be thwarted.

A few years later her first big break came. When she sang Tosti's "Goodbye" at a church concert, her voice, now developing into a fine lyric soprano, so impressed one of her listeners that he collected a purse for her. This enabled her to go to Paris, to study with the famous tenor Jean de Reszke, who was delighted with his new pupil. "In two years," he told her excitedly, "you will be singing on the stage." And he was right, for in two years and three months, seventeen year old Maggie Teyte was singing her debut role—Zerlina, the peasant girl in Mozart's tragicomic opera "Don Giovanni."

French critics raved about the musician-soprano and lovely voice of the pretty English soprano, and soon afterward she joined the Paris Opéra Comique company. Then followed the meeting with Debussy, which came about because at that time the production of the opera "Pelléas et Mélisande" had been interrupted by the loss of the leading soprano. Where could another *Mélisande* be found? The part of the unhappy princess required youth and grace, while the subtleties of the score called for a skilled musician.

(Continued on page 28)





# Fashions for the American Girl

•Starring the actual fashions featured in the pages of THE AMERICAN GIRL! For all girls, with Girl Scouts as models, it's your Fashion Show program, covering the country and coming your way soon! Presented by your local Girl Scout council in co-operation with your Girl Scout equipment stores, you won't want to miss the fun when it comes to your community. It's exciting for all concerned, as these pictures show: 1 Frances Koltun, our Fashion Editor, presides as mistress of ceremonies at the mike; 2 our May cover dress, with and without its matching bolero jacket, holds the spotlight before a capacity crowd at Rich's in Atlanta; 3 down the runway at Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, comes a cotton dress straight from our April pages; 4 Standing Room Only for latecomers at the Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, show; 5 Baltimore Girl Scouts and their friends surround the runway at The Hub; 6 bird's-eye view of the audience at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., and 7 Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, is the setting for another "full house" performance of AMERICAN GIRL fashions.

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## Meet Maggie Teyte

(Continued from page 26)

Then someone recommended the new little singer from across the Channel, and when Debussy heard Maggie Teyte sing, he agreed to train her for the part. Her appearance as Mélisande in June, 1908, made operatic history, and it was agreed that no one could have sung the difficult music better than Maggie, little more than a child herself.

The year following her triumph as Mélisande, Maggie Teyte returned to London, where she soon became a favorite with the English. And two years later she crossed the Atlantic to become the toast of America.

A leading soprano with the Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston opera companies, Miss Teyte—still in her twenties—now began to establish her present fame as a delightful interpreter of French songs. French art songs, like German *lieder*, require not just a beautiful voice, but also a high degree of intelligence, good diction, and—most important of all—imagination. Maggie Teyte, it was agreed, had all that, and could recreate every mood, from the delicacy of "Claire de Lune" to the joviality of "Ballade des Femmes de Paris."

After several seasons in America, she returned to England to sing in concerts and operettas, and on the radio. Then, in 1936, she released the album of records, "Songs of Debussy," which made Young America Maggie Teyte conscious. A little later came her album called "French Art Songs," the compositions of Fauré, Paladilhe, Duparc, and Hahn. Quick to recognize a great artist, American music lovers bought the records by the thousands and before long Maggie Teyte had become, as one critic aptly put it, "the idol of a special brand of bobby-soxers."

"Why doesn't Maggie come over so we can hear her in person?" these young people kept asking. But the beginning of the war was to postpone Miss Teyte's visit to America. Britain needed all her man power and woman power in those difficult days, so Miss Teyte volunteered to drive a mobile canteen. After some weeks of that she was moved to a war factory. There a sinus condition was aggravated by the grease and dirt, and her days as a factoryworker were over; but give up her war efforts she did not, for she soon became one of the most valued artists in the British equivalent of our USO. She sang for English and American soldiers all over the British Isles, in good weather and bad, in bombings and strafings.

"I sang everything, from complete programs of French music in the Anglo-American Club and the Churchill Club in London, to popular music on village greens," Miss Teyte says. "They loved 'Parlez-Moi d'Amour' especially, but 'Begin the Beguine' and American and British folk songs like 'Comin' Through the Rye' and 'Oft in the Stilly Night' were favorites, too." We can easily believe the boys liked the gay, warm personality of the singer as well as the songs she sang.

Miss Teyte describes amusingly one meeting with a GI fan-to-be. She was traveling by train from Reading to London. It was shortly after VE Day, when she was planning her return to the United States, and she began to chat about America and American food with the young soldier who sat opposite her. Miss Teyte remarked that she

was particularly fond of tuna fish (she calls it tunny fish, in the British fashion). "Then," she laughs in recollection, "the boy said, 'I have a can of it in my bag, and you shall have it!'"

The grateful singer told him she was going to America soon to appear on radio's "Telephone Hour," and would be pleased to see him again when he returned home. "He thought I was 'kidding,' as you say in America," she chuckles. "But after my first broadcast a boy telephoned me and said, 'You may

### Don't Miss These HIGHLIGHTS of next month's AMERICAN GIRL



#### FOOL DOG

Remember Kit Turner and Elaine Lester in THE AMERICAN GIRL story "Captain Kit"? When Kit begged her mother for a dog she didn't mean to become entangled with Elaine's "pweecious doggums." You'll enjoy Kit's dilemma in this new dog story by Marjorie Vetter.

#### NEW GIRL IN TOWN

Mary Lapham meant to teach the tennis-crazy girls of the dull little town of Lawrenceville a thing or two, but she found the tables neatly turned against her. You'll see how in this solid tennis story.

#### HOW TO PLAY BADMINTON

Are you enjoying this popular sport which can be played in your back yard or basement game room? Read the detailed complete instructions, rules, and equipment needed.

#### WANT TO BE A MODEL?

Candy Jones, the famous cover girl, tells you about the opportunities offered by modeling as a career, the qualifications needed, and how it can be a springboard for other careers.

... and these are just a few  
of the swell features of the August  
AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE

not remember me, but I'm the tunny-fish boy!"

That "Telephone Hour" broadcast stimulated great interest in Maggie Teyte's return to America, and when she made her official reappearance on the concert stage at Town Hall in New York City, in October, 1945, an immense crowd gathered to welcome her after her twenty-four years' absence.

Some of that audience were famous musicians, but the greater part of the crowd was young—those same admirers of fine singing who had loved the Teyte records. When they discovered that Miss Teyte in person was better than any mere disk, there was no restraining them, and shouts of "Encore!" and "Bravo!" followed each song. Cities across the continent echoed New York's acclaim on the nation-wide tour that followed.

Red-haired, five-foot Maggie Teyte is not in the least impressed at being considered the greatest living interpreter of French songs. She is the most friendly and informal of artists. In private life she was one of the

first celebrities to adopt "divided skirts" for street wear. In fact, Miss Teyte was quoted, before the first World War, as saying that all women would be wearing them within a hundred years, because they are so comfortable!

Onstage she is gay and vivacious, creating an atmosphere quite unlike the usual formality of the concert stage. If she wants to address a remark to her audience, she does so—and soon everyone present falls under the spell of her irrepressible wit. When a superb interpretation of a modern song has made the audience beg for its repetition, Maggie Teyte remarks in mock seriousness, "I really must learn this song!" No wonder the younger generation of concertgoers, tired of stuffiness and pretension, adores her. It is by no means unusual to find a group of them gathered as they were at the Lewisohn Stadium, after Miss Teyte's appearance there in August, 1946, chanting "We want Maggie!"

What are Miss Teyte's hobbies? "I've tried to paint, but I'm not very good," she confesses. "And I should love to write, but I don't know grammar!" Hiking and tennis are high on her list of outdoor sports, but golf is her favorite and she has forced champions to work hard to beat her. This love of the outdoors accounts for her trim and youthful figure, and the poise that means so much to a singer.

Young singers regard Miss Teyte's remarkable control of her voice, and her ability to breathe life into a song, with considerable awe. THE AMERICAN GIRL has among its readers some of the singers of tomorrow, who will enjoy hearing some advice from this artist who has complete mastery of all phases of her art.

"Sing in a choir until you are sixteen," advises Miss Teyte. "There you learn to blend your voice with your neighbor's, and to think of the music first. If you wish to be a success, ask for the 'but's'. Once I sang in a recital at the de Reszke studio, and thought I had done quite well. Afterward another girl said to me, 'You sang nicely, but—' and thereupon I set out to correct the fault she mentioned. That is what everyone must do—ask for those 'but's'."

Charming Maggie Teyte is in the United States often now, singing in cities from Maine to California. If she comes your way, don't miss her! But if you're not so lucky, do the next best thing—go to your public library and hear her records, or listen for her on the radio. You're almost certain to join the host of admirers who shout "Encore, Maggie!"

THE END

## Feet First

(Continued from page 19)

trees. Repairs? Have a good cobbler make them promptly and never forget that runover heels practically shout "Careless grooming!" right out loud.

So much for footgear, but what about the foot itself? It needs exercise just as much as the rest of your body. Most important of all for teen-agers, say our foot authorities, is this one to ward off the danger of trouble with that little arch which stretches across the base of your toes—the one podiatrists call the metatarsal.

Pick up a marble with your toes and walk up and down with it; pick up a pencil with them. When you're at the beach, make a

game out of picking up pebbles with your toes.

To keep the long arch strong, walk up and down on the outer edge of the foot. And always, to avoid flat feet, walk Indian style, toes straight ahead.

You have more than arches to care for, though. All the toes have muscles, so wiggle them; tighten your bare foot like a fist and then relax. Now cross your legs and point the toes of your raised foot down as hard as you can while you count ten. Recross your legs, repeating the exercise with the other foot, and alternate ten times. Now sit down and put your bare feet on a Turkish towel, heels at one of the long edges. Clutching the towel with your ten toes, gradually gather it up and pile it under your arches. Next? With your toes, spread the towel out flat again and repeat.

To stretch calf muscles and keep them shapely, put your feet up on a chair and draw them backward till the toes point toward you. For the back foot muscles, stand twelve inches from a wall, lean back and push hard against the wall. And for all-around help, do a ballet-dance number by rising on tiptoe—your weight between your second and third toes—then coming down gently on the outer edges of your foot. Or stand on a telephone directory and curl your toes over the edge.

Exercise isn't enough for a foot of beauty, though. Grooming is needed, too. Would you go to bed without brushing your hair and teeth? But how about brushing your toes? Don't laugh—it's a fine start for a pedicure. If you want to do it right, here's how.

Give those faithful feet a good soak in warm, soapy water and give the toes a good brushing with a stiff nailbrush. Then dry between them carefully and dust with a good talcum or special foot powder. What kind? One foot specialist suggests a mixture of one part boric-acid powder with nine parts cornstarch. This drying and powdering make your toes feel cool and super, and is a good precaution against athlete's foot, which flourishes in moist crannies.

Now treat your toes to your fingernail cuticle oil (nothing's too good for your feet) and gently push back the cuticle. Don't ever cut it—it leads to ingrowing toenails. So does cutting your nails in curves. Cut or file them straight across, and don't cut them shorter than the flesh.

**I**F, despite these precautions, you think you're getting an ingrown nail, wet a little cotton with alcohol and tuck it under the nail end. For callouses or corns, massage them with cream and ruthlessly eliminate the cause—those pretty but ill-fitting shoes, of course. But don't try to be a bathroom surgeon and operate on ingrown nails, bunions, corns, and callouses yourself. You may get into very serious complications, so let a chiropodist do it.

Okay? Now comes the final question: to polish or not to polish. The answer, of course, is up to you and should be reached by following the rules of good taste always. If you do paint your nails, pick a color that blends with your fingernails and lipstick, applying it with a steady hand and keeping it in repair just as you do your fingernail polish. Remember, too, that bright toenail polish flags attention. "Look at these pretty feet!" it says. "They're well-exercised, well-groomed, and carefully shod."

Are yours?

THE END

The American Girl

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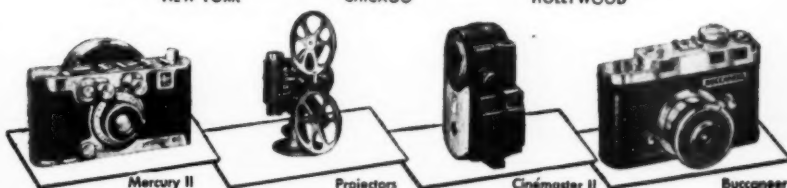
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### The May Issue

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT: I have just finished reading the May issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I would like very much to tell you it is the very, very best issue you have ever put out. There's one thing I disagree with, though—what Lamoyne Thomas said about the magazine being too "horsy." Your May cover is the most colorful you've ever had. More horses on the cover, please—at least, animals!

The dresses are really slick, but best of all I liked the article, *Old Salts of Mystic*. It was super. I have been on the boat you pictured and it was really a thrill. Please have more articles and stories on the beauty of New England. Thanks, Harriet Warren, for your swell story. And thanks, *AMERICAN GIRL*, for a fine magazine.

BETTY GIBBS

MELROSE, MASSACHUSETTS: "Smash Hit"—that is what I would call the May issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The stories are wonderful; the styles are swell also, but I think the cover tops it all. I was just thrilled to see the picture of that wonderful horse, for horses are a favorite with me.

I have been home from school sick for almost two weeks, so when my mother handed me the new issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, it just gave me a lift and for the next few hours I had my nose between the covers.

I would enjoy more stories and I would like to see you spotlight the preteens like myself just once in awhile. I am almost twelve years old and in the sixth grade.

Keep up the good work, for I think your magazine is wonderful.

JUDY WOELFFER

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA: I just had to write you again and tell you what a swell magazine *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is.

I have just finished reading the May issue and thought it wonderful. I read the story *Puppy Business* by Betty Cavanna, and loved it. Please have more like it. Please continue with the fashion pages and have more glamour tips. I agree with Ellen Weaver, in the May issue—have an article on Western riding. Your magazine is not too horsy. The rest of the stories balance it. As for covers, they're all grand.

MARY FARR

DETROIT, MICHIGAN: I have just finished the May issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I think this magazine is just super. I am twelve years old and in Troop 465. This magazine gives me a lot of tips on how you should act.

The stories I like you always put in this magazine. I like the fashions very much. I take piano lessons, and I wonder if you could put in something about music, either a story or an article.

PAULA SIEHL

### Boy Readers

MELROSE, MASSACHUSETTS: Thank you for a wonderful magazine. I have no complaints, except that like everyone else, I would like another story or two. The fashions are much better since you've had more for subteens like me. The May cover is the best yet. Keep it up. *Puppy Business* was super. And by the way, what's happened to Bobo lately?

Girls aren't the only ones who read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I am a librarian in our school library, and I have noticed a lot of boys taking it out, too.

SALLIE GARDNER

### Dog Doings

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: Hooray for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I have just received my May issue and can hardly wait to read *Puppy Business*. I hope to get a dog soon and would be overjoyed if you would print some tips on the care of puppies.

I like your fashions very much and agree with Jayne Goldwyn (May issue) on having a page of color charts.

I have one other suggestion: if you could possibly squeeze in a page of quizzes and crossword puzzles it would be fine.

I am twelve years old and belong to Troop 126. This May I hope to become a First Class Scout.

I think your magazine is wonderful and couldn't get along without it.

MARY ANN YOUNG

*How did you like "Bringing Up Your Pup" by Edward Faust in the June issue? Watch for another by the same author on teaching your dog to do tricks. The Editors.*

### New Subscriber

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI: I have just finished reading your magazine from cover to cover and I think it's super.

This is the first copy I have received as my subscription has just started, and now I can hardly wait for the next one.

I am fourteen. I am a polio victim and am still in bed, so I have plenty of time to read. I have read many magazines but I think yours is tops. My wish is, though, that it was bigger, as it seems to end much too soon.

I think your pattern section is darling and the stories—well—I can't find words to express how much I enjoy them. But how about some hair styles?

BETTY ANN WITTING

*How about those featured in "Keep a Cool Head" on page 18 in June? The Editors.*

### Articles on Music

TOLEDO, OHIO: I have taken your magazine for about a year. I have just finished my May issue, and I enjoyed it very much. I liked *Puppy Business* and *You Win, Kay Allen* especially, as they were complete in one issue. The articles shown in *Teen Shop Talk* are simply darling, but the prices are a little high sometimes.

*THE AMERICAN GIRL* was given to me by my aunt for my birthday. She and I both think it is a grand magazine. I am very interested in music, and I would appreciate some articles on the subject. I take piano and voice lessons.

Our school has just finished putting on the operetta, "Hansel and Gretel." I was chosen to be Hansel. I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade at St. Angela's Hall. I am also a Girl Scout.

JANE BRUSS

### Pat Downing

JOPLIN, MISSOURI: I have taken your magazine for over four years, and think it is wonderful, especially the stories. However, speaking of stories, one of my favorite characters has been missing recently. What has become of Pat Downing's letters? They were always one of my favorite parts of the magazine.

I think *An Anchor for Her Heart* was a wonderful story. I always enjoy your serials, and think that about the best one was *Meet the Malones*, way back in 1943.

I would enjoy more articles on cooking, with recipes; also articles such as *Hemisphere Houseparty* in the May issue, and more stories.

Thanks for a wonderful magazine, but please return Pat Downing to its pages.

ANN BARRATT

*Good news for you and all the other Downing fans—a new series of Pat and Lucy Ellen stories is on its way. The Editors.*

SHAWANO, WISCONSIN: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for just about a year and enjoy it very much. It's a swell magazine for teen-agers.

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.



The stories are very interesting but there aren't enough of them. Please have more stories about Pat Downing and Jenny Jamison, Kay Allen and McGuire Jackson. *An Anchor for Her Heart* was especially good. Your fashions are swell. *Speaking of Movies* is also very good.

Please keep up the swell magazine.

JOANN REVONKA

### Homemaker

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS: I have just finished my May issue, and the last installment of *An Anchor for Her Heart*. I have been getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three years and I enjoy it very much. My sister and I pass our copies on to other girls, and they also enjoy reading it.

The only thing I think the magazine lacks is something about cooking. My mother works on shifts so I do most of the cooking. Perhaps you could print recipes and favorite dishes. We could send in our favorite recipes and you could print them, and the girls who try them could write and tell how the family liked them.

I am in first year of high school. I took three years of cooking in school. Our teacher teaches us how to bake cakes and cookies, how to make ice cream, and lots of things to eat. We also have sewing and home nursing. I made a dress, blouse, skirt, and an apron, cap, and towel.

VARA C. SISSIR

### Fashion Problem

WASHINGTON, D. C.: I have had a subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for one year now, and I'm enjoying it very much. I have enjoyed reading *An Anchor for Her Heart* and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I wish you would have more beauty hints and fashions. I wish you would have fashions for short and quite stocky people. I am fourteen years of age and shorter than the rest of the girls in my class and I can't wear some of the fashions.

ANNE HOLYOKE

### English Reader

KRUTS FORD, ENGLAND: I have just finished reading a batch of copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I have enjoyed them very much. They were sent to my sister and me from a friend in Milwaukee.

I belong to the first High Legh Troop of Girl Guides and I am the Company Leader. We have a Girl Guide magazine called "The Guide." I am fifteen years of age and go to Lymm Grammar School. I have a pet dog named Chummy, and we also have a big garden and lots of fruit trees. My hobbies are swimming, dancing, reading, stamp collecting, and cycling. In the summer I am going to a Guide Camp and I am looking forward to it very much.

I love horses and have lots of chances of being with them, because High Legh consists of many farms, and most of them have two or three horses at least.

I wish lots of luck to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and hope that it will continue to be published for many years to come.

JUNE BOWMAN

### Hemisphere Houseparty

JEWELL VALLEY, VIRGINIA: I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is tops. The stories are getting better all along. I don't agree with the girl who said we should call the maga-

(Continued on page 34)

# TRUE OR FALSE?



## Swimming is taboo

"that time of the month"!

**FALSE.** Swim if you like—after the first few days. Just steer clear of icy water. And, in consideration of others, stay out of pools.

Get hep to all the *do's* and *don'ts* for those days, by reading "Growing Up and Liking It."

This slick, new book is just teeming with wonderful tips on looks, poise, and health. The kind of information that helps keep you "smooth and serene" every day of the month!

Modess will send you your free copy—if you mail the coupon below.

# TRUE OR FALSE?

## All girls chafe

"that time of the month"!

**FALSE:** 88 out of 108 school girls who recently tested the new *Free-Stride* Modess report:

"No chafing with *Free-Stride*

Modess." Here's why...

*Free-Stride* Modess is specially made with extra cotton on its edges... to help give you greater freedom from chafing.

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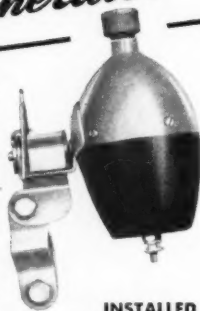
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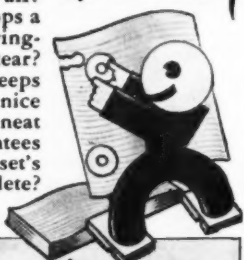
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the pages nice  
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# TEEN SHOP *talk*

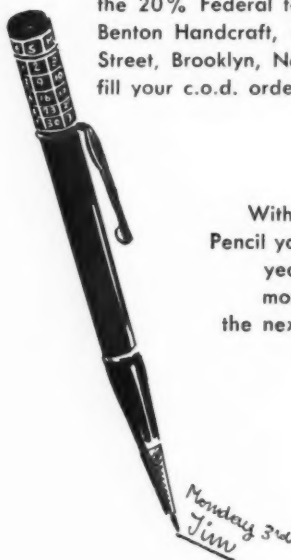


**Skyrockets and pinwheels, yes, but  
July brings these bright buys, too!**

Introduce Peteka Rio on your beach or playground. A modernization of an old Brazilian game, it's similar to volleyball and fun and good exercise for all the gang. Equipment? Only this large, soft shuttlecock which sells for about \$1.50 at leading sporting goods stores



Hand-hammered copper makes a lovely bracelet, 1½" wide and just the kind they're wearing in pairs—one on each wrist—this season. They're \$1.50 apiece, plus the 20% Federal tax, and Benton Handcraft, 1241 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, New York, will fill your c.o.d. order



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Send your order and 50¢ per barrette to Kel Sales Co., 500 North Robert Street, Saint Paul 1, Minnesota





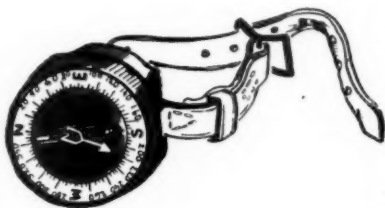
## TEEN SHOP talk

Take off any shower head, screw on an Aqua Scent gadget, feed it a pine or apple-blossom tablet—and shower in fragrance! No, it won't interfere with Dad's plain showers. Fixture and 20 tablets cost \$2.98, plus 20c tax, at Gimbel's in New York City

And here's a party apron, gay as can be. It's made by the blind and, since no two aprons are alike, you're sure of an exclusive model. Each is \$1.45 at the Lighthouse, 11 East 59th Street, New York City 22



For a camper's wrist, a fine compass on a sturdy leather strap. Luminous needle, unbreakable crystal, 100% waterproofing are features and the price is \$1.50 at Girl Scout National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. Please order by number: K-360



"Possible rain," says the weatherman, so you tuck your pretty, crystal-clear plastic raincoat into your purse and set out for town. Miles Kimball at 235 Bond Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, sells the coats for \$2.25 and the sizes are small (10-12), medium (14-16), and large (18-20)

by **TONI LAWRENCE**

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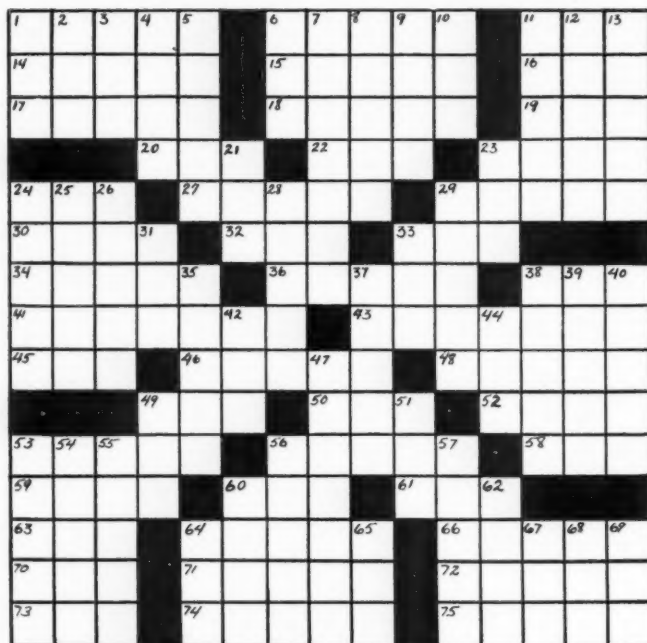
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# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN



## ACROSS

1. Electrical unit
6. Donkeys
11. Pillage
14. Variegated quartz
15. Punitive
16. Anger
17. Imp
18. Weepee
19. Islet
20. Center
22. Fasten
23. "Let it stand"
24. Sacerdotal vestment
27. Badge
29. Farinaceous
30. Skin
32. Wiggle (tail)
33. Grow
34. With full force
36. Fresh set (horses)
38. Grassland
41. Bruise
43. In full voice
45. Termination
46. Capers
48. Wash
49. Collection
50. Wager
52. Scotch term for something given to a superior for his maintenance or protection

## DOWN

53. Less
56. Thong
58. Steep
59. Presently
60. Pell
61. Abrade
63. Sever
64. False
66. Rustic
70. Auxiliary verb
71. Mohammedan edict
72. Rank
73. Marry
74. Spread loosely
75. Medicinal fungus
1. Passing fashion
2. Era
3. Batter
4. Minute particle of matter
5. Cotton twill
6. Likely
7. Leakage
8. Mollusk
9. Merit
10. Secretive
11. Lasso
12. Bay window

## 13. Man who busies himself with womanish matters

21. Condensed moisture
23. Gender
24. Fast
25. Sour fruit
26. Mild
28. Ventured
29. City executive
31. Small bird
33. Battle
35. Naked persons
37. One vanquished
38. Pertaining to the moon
39. Follow
40. Skilled
42. Rest
44. Twitch
47. Thrust out
49. Air
51. Viscid substance
53. Parrot
54. Harden
55. Distinguished
56. Sweetening
57. Cleanse
60. Stronghold
62. Rough edge
64. Encore
65. Stitch
67. Tatter
68. Fuss
69. Allow

Turn to page 43 for the answer

## A Penny For Your Thoughts

(Continued from page 31)

zine "American Animals." Please have a picture of a collie on the front page, would you?

Hemisphere Houseparty was good. I think that will surely help the other countries and us to understand each other better.

Please keep up the good work and please have more of the animal stories.

SUE YOEUELL

## Story Critics

CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND: I am sixteen and enjoy looking at your colorful magazine. I say "looking at" because I think the short stories and serials are often almost sickening. Why do the stories have to have such stereotyped characters? Only once in awhile does one a little different pop up. For one thing, it seems that there is always something like, or a variation of:

"Jim was a year older than Kay—a tall, good-looking boy who was considered something of a hero by most of the high-school girls. But to Kay he was only the boy she had played with ever since gocart days, and she looked upon him with the indifference of long familiarity."

Lots of times one of your stories starts with an intriguing bit of dialogue but soon loses its individuality as a story and travels along the old well-used lines to its starry-eyed conclusion.

I always whoop happily when I open the mailbox and see THE AMERICAN GIRL, but gosh—I wish we could have some good stories.

ELEANOR DORMANT

## Camp Fire Reader

CHICO, CALIFORNIA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years and think it's really good. I enjoyed *An Anchor for Her Heart* very much. Let's have more stories like it.

Your styles are swell, and the patterns are really neat. One of my hobbies is collecting movie stars' pictures, so I enjoy your movies column very much. The article *Riding Habit* was swell, even if I do ride Western style. I am especially interested in sports. Won't you have some more articles on them? I think *Five Finger Tips* and *Puppy Business*, in the May issue, are really good.

I am thirteen and in the eighth grade at Central School in Chico. Although we have no Girl Scouts here, we have Camp Fire Girls, and THE AMERICAN GIRL has given me many good pointers.

Thanks loads for a swell magazine.

LINDA NEUBARTH

## Foreign Letters

INDEPENDENCE, OHIO: First I want to say how much I enjoy the letters from girls in other countries. Their experiences are always interesting to me, so let's hear from them more often.

I am fifteen and a sophomore at Holy Name High in Cleveland. I've been taking your wonderful book for four years and enjoy each copy more and more. My girl friend and I are reading *An Anchor for Her Heart*, and as soon as I finish each month, she loses herself in the book.



I love sports of all kinds and so I read the articles you have on the different sports with relish. Your dress patterns are swell, and I have already used a number of them.

Thanks again for the many hours of fun you have given me.

KATHLEEN BARNES

### Clubs

NEW BALTIMORE, MICHIGAN: Our neighborhood is starting a club. Would you please print an article on ideas for clubs? I think the article on how to make a clubroom in one of your last issues was super. My father is making us one for our club out of our coalbin. I can hardly wait until the June issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* comes. I have just finished the May issue. I think it was super. Please have more stories. Please have another story like *An Anchor for Her Heart*. I think that is the best story I have ever read. Please have more mysteries. Keep up your super deluxe magazine.

MARILYN JOYCE BURNS

GLIDDEN, IOWA: I have been getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for less than a year, and I like everything about it.

I play a clarinet and the piano, and would like articles about classical music and composers. I am president of my class and this makes many problems. Could you help me solve them?

I liked *Sally Steps In*, *An Anchor for Her Heart*, and *Second Chance*. How about more like them? I also liked *Clover Creek*. Bobo Witherspoon is O.K., but please don't print her too often.

I like your fashions, but there aren't enough for twelve-year-olds. I like your patterns very much, too, and I like all your cover girls, because they look like the average American Girl.

JOAN KELLY

*You who are class officers, or who are joining clubs for the first time, will find the know-how of conducting meetings in a forthcoming article by Ann Roos. The Editors.*

### Going to Be a Vet

LIGONIER, PENNSYLVANIA: I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is simply super. I have only taken it four months, but that's enough to tell.

I am fourteen and a Girl Scout. I love horses and have one of my own. I am especially interested in harness horses. I am planning to be a vet and thought *The Riding Habit*, in the March issue, was wonderful. Please have more pictures and stories on riding. One more suggestion: a page a month on clothes, colors, dates, friends, and real, down-to-earth things for the girls my age.

NANCY HARDY

### Continued Stories

PHILLIPSBURG, NEW JERSEY: I want to congratulate you on your wonderful magazine.

I think the ending of *An Anchor for Her Heart* couldn't have been better. As much as I dislike continued stories, I think that one was worth while waiting for the conclusion. I also want to tell you how much I enjoyed *Puppy Business*.

Thanks again for your wonderful magazine.

AUGUSTA DE GEORG

THE END

## SURE "HOME RUN" IN FAMILY FUN!



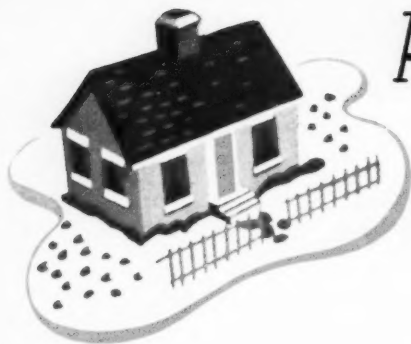
WE'RE A

"fresh up" family!

• We enjoy doing things together in our family . . . like going to baseball games and sipping 7-Up. We always have fun . . . at home or away. And 7-Up is a regular part of our fun. Reminding Mom to order more 7-Up is my job.

The bright 7-Up signs help me remember.





# AROUND THE HOUSE

by LEE WALKER

## Mrs. Baxter's Butterfly

(Continued from page 15)

"Good morning, Doris," said Aunt Clara.

Her aunt's voice, Doris noted, was an ominous warning that something was brewing. "Hello, Aunt Clara. How are you?"

"All right." She rummaged around in her bag. "I just met a boy with a telegram for you."

"Thanks. It must be from Bob, telling me when he and his roommate will arrive." Hastily she tore it open. Her face mirrored the message.

"Bad news, Doris?"

Dejectedly she handed the telegram to her mother. "Bob says Keith was called home suddenly because of some sort of illness in his family."

Mrs. Baxter clucked sympathetically. "That's too bad, but maybe it's all for the best." Her face brightened visibly. "There's always Burt," she volunteered.

"Oh, Mums!" Doris was almost in tears. "You don't understand!"

Catching a look of criticism on Aunt Clara's face, Mrs. Baxter interrupted hastily. "Why don't you go to meet Peggy? She'll help you think of something."

**B**UT Peggy, when Doris found her, only added to her unhappiness. "Gosh, Doris," she sympathized. "Everyone knows you're dated with a college man. If Keith can't come you're sunk. Unless," there was a gleam in her eyes, "we can make Bob get you another date."

Doris shook her head gloomily. "That's out. Mums didn't even want me to go with Keith, and she knows him. She wouldn't stand for a stranger. She thinks I'm too young to go out in the evening with college men."

Peggy forced her voice to be cheerful. "Buck up, Doris. We'll work it out."

By three o'clock that afternoon, when she and her mother were cleaning the attic, Doris was ready to admit defeat. "I just can't go," she said helplessly. "I just can't."

"Of course you can," Mrs. Baxter said, knowing at once what her daughter meant. "Accept Burt's invitation."

"But you don't understand, Mums." She blurted out the whole story of how she had planned to make an impression on Danny Post, and had told everyone that she had a date with a college man. "I was going to be the butterfly spreading her wings for the whole world to admire," she said bitterly, "and now look at me. I'm nothing more than a battered moth hitting my head against the bright flame of Danny Post."

Her mother smiled at her tragic eloquence. "Scheming is bound to backfire," she said seriously, "and this should teach you a lesson." She gazed at her daughter for a long moment, then abruptly changed the subject. "Aunt Clara asked me to invite Ruth Norton, the daughter of her old school friend, to stay with us for a week—the week of the dance."

Doris stared at her mother too horrified to speak.

"I know this complicates your problems, dear," Mrs. Baxter said, "but Aunt Clara told me that Ruth has been studying too hard, trying for a scholarship at the University, and needs a vacation, but her family can't afford to give her one."

**Instead of saying, "One lump, or none?" to your guests at teatime, pass a dish of hard candies to be used as sweetening for tea. Lemon drops are especially good.**

**The secret** of perfect poached eggs: Slightly grease the bottom of a cold frying pan before adding boiling water. Slip the eggs, which have been broken into a bowl, one at a time, into the water. Add a little salt to the water, cover them with a tight lid, and let them stand for five or ten minutes—depending upon how done you like them. You can poach several at the same time by this method, and most important, they will come out whole and beautiful.

**When you're threading the machine needle, place a piece of white paper or cloth underneath the pressure foot. This reflects more light on the hole of the needle and speeds up the operation.**

**A piece** of adhesive tape, fastened to the bottom of your rubbers at the heel and toe, will keep you from slipping on an icy pavement.

**Save old felt hats** to make beanbags as gifts for the small fry, or to sell at the church bazaar. The larger pieces of felt make cute stuffed animals, too. Embroider faces, toes, etc. with thread of contrasting colors.

**Is your favorite** sweater worn out? Use the back of it to make a sweater dickey. Bind the edges with grosgrain ribbon—be sure to sew the ribbon on by machine first, to prevent raveling. Then do your cutting, and when this is finished, turn the binding under and finish it by hand.

**Popcorn is a treat** the year around. Did you ever try floating several kernels of freshly popped corn on top of a bowl of creamed soup? It's a pretty party garnish, and tastes especially good on corn or tomato soup.

**Cool place cards** for a lunch on a scorching day can be made of colored paper, match folders, and cotton. Cover the match folders with the paper, then cut snow men from a roll of cotton and glue one on to each folder. Each snow man holds a banner with the name of a guest written on it. Carry the January in July motif further by making a big snow man centerpiece, and stand him on a mirror, surrounded by sprigs of evergreen.

**If a screw** becomes loose in plaster or wood, remove the screw and insert steel wool before putting the screw back in place.

**Wax the heels** and toes of your woolen and cotton socks to make them wear longer. It does not interfere with the laundering or change the appearance in any way. Laboratory tests at the United States Department of Agriculture have proved this makes stockings wear four times as long. Just rub the spots with a piece of candle or paraffin before wearing.

**Glycerin is good** for removing dandruff. Dip your fingertips in warm glycerine and rub it into the scalp.

**Evergreen branches** stuck into sand will stay green for months. This is a good way to brighten up your empty windowboxes outside, after your crop of flowers has passed its peak.

**Fruit stains** on woollens or silk usually can be removed with hydrogen peroxide and warm water. The peroxide is a bleach, so rinse it out immediately.

"But, Mums," Doris objected. "Aunt Clara is always doing something like this to us—and what makes it worse, she always picks such drips."

"I'm really sorry, Doris, but I didn't see how I could refuse. And," she hesitated to add another blow, "I'm counting on you to get her a date for the dance."

"Oh, Mums! I just can't!"

But by Monday afternoon after school, when she was waiting for Peggy, Doris knew that she would have to find a date for Ruth. "If only she didn't have to come for the week of the dance," she moaned, "or if only I hadn't been so smart about making an impression on Danny Post."

"Hi, Doris." Peggy's arrival interrupted her thoughts of Danny. "Guess what?" She was bubbling with excitement.

Doris was unable to match her enthusiasm. "What?" she asked dismally.

"I've practically solved your problems. You've a date with an out-of-towner!"

Doris grabbed her friend's arm. "Who?" she demanded. "Tell me, quick!"

"My cousin. Of course," Peggy added hurriedly, "he's not a college man. But no one need ever know."

"How'd you get him?"

"Telephoned him." Peggy was plainly delighted with her resourcefulness. "Mother had a letter from his family on Saturday and she just happened to mention that she thought she'd invite Johnny—that's his name—to visit us this summer. I snapped at the idea and talked Mother into letting me call him last night, long distance. I didn't tell him anything about you or the dance over the phone but he's agreed to come."

"What's he like?"

"Well," Peggy hesitated, then made the plunge. "I've never met him, but there's at least a fifty-fifty chance that he may be super. Besides, even if he isn't so hot, you save face by going to the dance with an out-of-towner."

Doris had to admit there was something in that. "When's he coming?" she inquired, her enthusiasm mounting.

"The Thursday before the dance. On the afternoon train."

"Why, that's the train Ruth is coming on. I'll tell you what," she planned excitedly, "I can get a look at him when he arrives, and if he won't do I'll fix him up for a date with Ruth."

THE rest of the week seemed to fly as Doris concentrated on another date, either for herself or Ruth. She had thought she could work Burt in, but when she finally ran into him she discovered that he had, at long last, given her up and asked another girl. Time was running out. Before she realized quite how fast it had gone, she and her mother were on their way to the station to meet Ruth, and to get a look at Peggy's cousin.

The train chugged to a stop. Doris, feverishly watching the arrivals, caught a glimpse of a girl looking indecisively about. Near by, closing into a small group, were Peggy, Mrs. Wainwright, and—her heart sank. "Oh, gosh," she cried involuntarily, "Burt's a matinee idol compared to him!" Then Mrs. Baxter was greeting Ruth and Doris had to force the disillusioning image from her mind.

The trip home seemed endless. Mrs. Baxter, trying to make Ruth feel at ease, kept up a steady flow of conversation, but Doris

(Continued on page 45)

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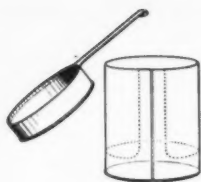
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Above: This shows how a tin can makes a skillet

Below: Scouts of Troop 13 testing their tinware



With tin shears and pliers, the girls worked hard all afternoon long. Note finished cup and tin-flower bouquet in the foreground



William C. Balduin

# Tin Magic

by HARRIET WARREN

**T**HE TWO GIRLS who met at the end of Mrs. Jones' driveway were about the same height and looked just about the same age. Both wore Girl Scout uniforms and berets, but one girl had light hair and the other—the dark one—was pushing her bike along the edge of a rut in the dirt road.

"Hi," she said as the troopmates turned up the drive toward the old white farmhouse. "What's new? Got all the necessities?"

"Think so," answered her friend, shaking a thick paper bag so that it made a clanking noise. "Three empty tin cans, can opener, ruler and pencil, breadboard, cotton work gloves, pliers, hammer, and a pair of tin snips I borrowed from our garage workbench."

"Same here exactly," said the dark girl, peering under the cover of her bicycle basket, "except Dad lent me a metal file, too. Wonder what we're going to do with all this. What do you suppose Mrs. Jones meant when she said an afternoon of tin magic?"

Later, when all the girls of Troop 13 (mascot a three-legged black cat) of West Goshen, Pennsylvania, had gathered around their leader's dining-room table, they found out what Mrs. Jones had in mind.

"Now that wartime salvage drives are over," she said, "all sizes and shapes of tin cans are going to waste all around us. So I thought you might like to spend one afternoon cutting and bending these discarded cans into good-looking, useful articles. We can make bracelets, flowerpots, ash trays, candlesticks, letter holders, napkin rings, drinking cups for camp, and lots of other things. Like to try?"

A long and loud "Yes!" answered that question, and by the time Mrs. Jones had passed around a few samples and pictures

of simple tincraft, and described the easy how's and why's, the girls could hardly wait to start.

"Before you begin, just remember these rules," warned Mrs. Jones. "First, wear your work gloves. The working edges of tin cans are sharp. Next, plan and measure before you cut, using a paper pattern whenever possible. And last but not least, please spare my furniture! Work on your breadboards. And of course I'm right here to help you along when you need me. Any questions?"

No, there were no questions, so equipment was unpacked from bags and baskets and knapsacks, and since each girl seemed to know just what she wanted to make first, no time was lost in getting the project under way. Many of the Scouts with summer-camp plans chose to make tin drinking cups.

**J**ANE Anne Buxton was one of these. Remembering Mrs. Jones' direction, she first took a clean, empty soup can (size No. 2) and, using her ruler and pencil, made dots at 1" intervals 4" up from the bottom of the can, connecting the dots in a pencil line that went all around the can. Then she drew two straight parallel lines—each about 1½" from the can's seam—extending them from the top of the can to the first pencil line. With tin shears—and wearing her work gloves, of course—Jane next cut down the perpendicular lines, then around the can on the encircling line. The sketch at the top of this page shows a skillet made the same way, the up-and-down handle strip still attached. Mrs. Jones had said that the edge of a cup could either be filed smooth or "hemmed" under, and Jane chose the latter process, making snips down from the top of the cup, about ¼" long and about 1" apart. The resulting flanges she turned in carefully with pliers and made the hem



neat and firmer by placing the can on the edge of her breadboard and tapping the top down with gentle, even hammer strokes. The edges of the handle were filed smooth, and then bent into a comfortable shape for holding.

In just the same way, only using a larger, #10, can and twisting the handle around a sturdy stick, one of the other Scouts made a nice campfire skillet. Another girl, skillful with hammer and pliers, bent the front of her large cup into a pouring nose so that she had a useful camp pitcher, while still another made two handles, instead of only one, and curled them up on opposite sides of her cup for a clever sugar bowl.

Meanwhile, Betty Widen had rolled up her sweater sleeves and was turning out some striking tin flowers—you can see them standing on the worktable in the picture on page 38. Betty found that the circular bottom of a baked-bean can made a fine start for a tin daisy. With tin shears she fringed the edges of the circle deeply, bending them back a little into natural-looking petals, and then drove a small nail hole in the center. Into this hole she inserted the stem—an artistically curled piece of welding wire.

For a lily, Betty removed the top and bottom from a good-sized can, opened the seam with a can opener, placed the curved tin on her breadboard and hammered it out flat—carefully so as not to mar the finish. Then, from a paper pattern, she traced a quarter circle, radius 6", on the tin and cut out this shape, afterward cutting six v's on the circular edge of the tin to suggest petal divisions. It was easy then to file this top edge, roll up the tin into a trumpet shape, and insert the welding-wire stem. Betty let the wire's end come through to form a pistil, and with pliers gave it an exaggerated twist at the top end to indicate the stigma.

Leaves, generously large so as to catch the light effectively, were cut from flattened-out cans. By experimenting, Betty found it best to leave a narrow 2"-long stem on each leaf which, with pliers, could be wound securely around the flower's main stem. And for a container for her tin bouquet, Betty decided that a large tomato-juice can, the top of which had been cut out with a can opener that automatically produced a smooth edge, would be entirely suitable. In the end, everyone agreed that she had made a strikingly modern decoration.

Hard at work all that afternoon, thirteen year old Anne Ellis turned out two tin bracelets, one for herself and one for her cousin's birthday. First she drew a rectangle 1" x 6" on paper, and rounded the corners evenly. Then, on a flattened tin can, she traced her pattern, next snipping along the lines with tin shears. She had filed the edges very, very smooth and was just beginning to bend the bracelet into wrist shape when Mrs. Jones came along.

"The time to decorate your bracelet is while it's still flat—before you've curved it," she reminded.

"Oh, yes," said Anne. "I almost forgot my hearts and flowers." With a soft pencil she drew the outline of a pretty pattern on the right side of the bracelet, then hammered it out with the business end of a nail.

Anne "hemmed" the edge of her second bracelet and decorated it with a hammered monogram in the center before bending it carefully to proper bracelet shape. For lasting luster and rust-proofing, Mrs. Jones then suggested that Anne paint both bracelets  
(Continued on page 43)

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# ALL OVER THE MAP



The first group of Mariner Scouts to be organized in the Far East visiting a battleship

● **When sixteen Girl Scouts** of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, decided to work for their Bird Finder badges, they never thought that they'd be an influence in State legislation. Yet that's how it turned out. It began when they studied the habits of hawks and owls and learned the economic importance of these pest-destroying birds. It progressed when they learned that steps were being taken to abolish Wisconsin's protective laws for these birds, and wrote a letter of protest, signed by all the girls, to the Conservation Commission. The happy ending of the story is that the protective laws were finally retained and the Scouts received a letter from the Commission, congratulating them on their alertness. All the girls are members of a junior Audubon Society, too, and their entire year's work had to do with conservation—trees, soil, birds, and wild life in general.

● **Another group of Girl Scouts** in Atlanta, Georgia, is well aware of its responsibility toward our wild life, and they, too, did something about it. Reading about the failure of the local acorn crop in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and of the possibility that large numbers of squirrels would starve, they gathered quantities of nuts and shipped them to Minneapolis for distribution. At their end, Minneapolis Scouts got in touch with the curator of the Minneapolis Museum, found out how and where and why to distribute the nuts effectively—and then did the job with typical Girl Scout thoroughness. Troops on both ends of the line report that this project was great fun, and the squirrels liked it too.



Girl Scouts of Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, examine the spread of a pigeon's wing held by a teacher naturalist

● **Along about the beginning** of this month, sixteen Senior Girl Scouts will set forth on a two weeks' archaeological trip of a thousand miles through northwestern New Mexico and Colorado. The first trip of its kind, it's the result of co-operation between Girl Scouts and the School of American Research of Santa Fe, New Mexico, which hopes to develop appreciation of the archaeological wealth of the Southwest. Campers are to spend their first two days in Hyde State Park, Santa Fe, getting acquainted with one another and making final plans for living

along the way, and the expedition will then visit and explore ruins with such magical names as Kuauua, Chaco, Mesa Verde, Toadlena, Chin Lee, Canyon deChelly, El Morro, Enchanted Mesa, Acoma, and Laguna. Only active Senior Girl Scouts between fifteen and seventeen with good camping experience were selected, and they are being helped by a staff which includes specialists in nature, geology, campcraft, and photography.

● **News has just been received** from Tokyo, Japan, of twenty-two American girls who are members of the first Mariner Scout troop to be organized in the Far East. The enthusiastic

wife of an American Army major is their leader, and so far these new Mariners have done very well for themselves indeed. Members of the United States Navy, for instance, have squired them around the once forbidden territory of the old Japanese naval base at Yokosuka, and they have inspected the caves from which Japanese admirals courted the ultimate doom of their Pacific war. They boarded a permanent monument to

earlier history, the concrete-embedded *Admiral Togo*, Japanese flagship of the Russo-Japanese War, and naval officers escorted the girls aboard the U.S.S. *Fall River*, flagship of Commander Cruiser Division One, support Force to the Occupation.

Not to be outdone by the Navy, the Army gave the Mariners part-time use of the 149-foot launch *Martha*, in which they plan to take excursions along the coast of Japan, exploring the little islands and marine specimens on the beaches of volcanic ash, and observing the fishermen mending their nets and manning their crude boats. In addition to all this, the British navy took the girls aboard a British man-o'-war for an inspection tour. Plans now in the offing include study of the Mikimoto pearl farm, an industry known the world over for its fine cultured pearls. The world, it seems, is these Mariners' oyster!

• **There were real high jinks** in International Falls, Minnesota, recently when Girl Scouts there held a Father-Daughter potluck supper and dance. Such old-timers as the Butterfly Waltz, the Rye Waltz, Sally in Our Alley, Jenny Crack-Corn, and Captain Jinks were on the program, as well as the now thoroughly modern square dances and reels. Each participating troop had charge of one or two of the dances, and was responsible for helping the greenhorns with the steps. Response by the fathers was overwhelming. Always first on the floor when numbers were announced, few of them missed a dance, and one grandfather declared he hadn't had such a good time for years. Watching from the side lines, the mothers were amazed to see their nondancing husbands whirling away and having a grand time; so, not to be outdone, they are suggesting that the Boy Scouts have a similar affair for mothers and sons.

• **Two marionettes** stuffed into a Girl Scout's Christmas stocking were the start of a fascinating, community-wide project in Endicott, New York. For those two marionettes led to more marionettes, and these in turn demanded a stage, which of course meant backdrops, footlights, and a catwalk. Inventive fathers designed and made a folding stage that could be stowed in an automobile, and finally worked out a control panel to give color combinations to the footlights. Meanwhile, for the girls there was all the fun of dressing the marionettes, making scenery, collecting properties, having rehearsals, and at last, the opening night. Troop 16 of Endicott are the proud possessors of this now-flourishing marionette theater, and all twenty-eight girls have their parts to play. Sixteen actually manipulate the puppets, and can do two or three characterizations each. The rest of the troop act as ushers and hostesses at performances. Opening night introduced the puppet theater at a Parent-Teachers' Association meeting, and it was so successful that an ambitious program is now lined up for it. The latest and most successful performance, held for the benefit of their local Cancer Fund Drive, was "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Staged by permission of Walt Disney Productions, it played four performances during the day to packed and enthusiastic houses. Needless to say, this fun-filled activity is going a long way toward earning Play Director and other Girl Scout badges.

• **From Pittsfield, Massachusetts**, comes the report that Girl Scouts there have originated a weekly story hour for preschool children. Each Saturday two Scouts arrive at the Berkshire Athenaeum, go into a huddle with the librarian, and pick out books suitable for children of preschool age. Then from three to four o'clock they read them aloud to a circle of entranced children—incidentally, fulfilling one of the requirements for earning their Reader badge. The little listeners have attended the reading hour regularly, a sure test of its popularity, and the library is so happy about the whole thing that other troops will take up the project when the present group leaves off.

## Headline News in Girl Scouting



Harrington photo

A Girl Scout of Endicott, New York, operates two marionettes for the benefit of the camera

Doing the Butterfly dance at a recent Father-Daughter potluck supper in International Falls

MacKenzie photo





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# TURNTABLE TIPS



by CARL BOSLER

EVERYONE knows the story of the three little pigs and the wicked wolf that tried hungrily to change their lives. But few people have ever heard of the pudgy porker which played the part of the wolf and caused a major change in the life of band leader Johnny Long. As a result of this little pig's delusion of grandeur, Johnny has the distinction of being the only left-handed fiddler in popular music.

"I was just seven years old when I met up with that savage sausage," Johnny said laughingly. "One of my chores on the family farm was to feed the livestock, and I guess the pig was overhungry on that particular day, for he took a healthy bite out of my left hand. The tendons were badly torn, and the hand was useless for fingering the violin." But Johnny was a determined lad and began his violin studies all over again, only this time he bowed with his left hand and fingered with his right. "There's nothing really strange about playing southpaw," he said, "except that more people look at you, and I guess that's an asset in the music business."

Johnny had youthful dreams of being a concert violinist, and until his first year at Duke University he had never played a note of popular music. "But my scholarship didn't cover all expenses," he explained, "so to make ends meet I broke my 'no popular music' rule and organized a dance band." After graduation he decided to keep the boys together and try his luck as a band leader. "There seemed to be no end of wearisome travel in those first years," he said, "but it was worthwhile, for we developed into a seasoned and confident organization."

Away from his work, the blond-haired, blue-eyed maestro is an ardent collector of records, and his favorite sport is tennis. One of Johnny's chief delights is reading his fan mail. "Just about the nicest thing that ever happened to me was the result of a fan letter," he said. "Believe it or not, but that's how I met my wife. I was going through my mail one day and there was a letter from a girl named Patricia Waters, a young actress I had been introduced to at a dance

about a year before. Well, it was such a nice letter that I invited her to hear the band. We've been going together ever since," he grinned.

Johnny has high hopes for the future. He already has one movie under his belt and a brand-new contract with the Signature Record Co. He has all the necessary qualifications to bring him to the "winners circle" and keep him there.

### RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

**A Sunday Kind Of Love . . . Ivy . . . Jo Stafford . . . Capitol (388) . . .** The pretty songstress will surprise most everyone with her interpretations of these romantic ballads. She's developed a new vocal style, low-pitched and verging on the blues. Paul Weston's orchestral backgrounds are a perfect complement to Jo's sultry singing.

**My Love For You . . . A Thousand And One Nights . . . Tommy Dorsey . . . Victor (20-2177) . . .** The flowing melody on the first is a natural for TD's silky trombone and the band's music-making. "Scheherazade" is the basis of the tune on the reverse, and Stuart Foster delivers the lyrics on both sides with nice feeling.

**Carle Boogie . . . Sunrise Serenade . . . Frankie Carle . . . Columbia (37269) . . .** Frankie plays some exciting rhythmic patterns as he boogies his way through the brisk topside tune. The coupling has a fresh version of the melody which skyrocketed him to fame, and includes lots of the Carle piano.

**Linda . . . Roses In The Rain . . . Why Did It End So Soon . . . Speaking Of Angels . . . Bob Chester . . . Columbia (37269) . . .** Bob and the band turn in four excellent cuttings with the emphasis on tempos timed for dancing. Allan Foster's manly baritone gets the vocal spotlight on all four.

**Maybe You'll Be There . . . You're Everywhere . . . Betty Rhodes . . . Victor (20-2189) . . .** Despite the titles of these two, Betty isn't in the least confused as she sings of her beau's whereabouts. The appeal of her interpretations is enhanced by Charles

Dant's colorful orchestral settings.

**Selections from "Carnegie Hall" . . .**  
D'Artega . . . Sonora Album (MS-490) . . .  
Here are eight numbers from the picture  
"Carnegie Hall" which D'Artega has deftly  
seasoned with dashes of boogie and popular-  
music pleasantries. D'Artega, incidentally,  
plays the part of Tchaikovsky in the picture.

**All Of Me . . . S'posin' . . .** Helen Forrest  
. . . MGM (10029) . . . Helen's plaintive  
singing of these memory tunes lends just the  
right touch to rekindle a spark of nostalgia.  
Her smoothly phrased blues style is framed  
with smart designs by the Harold Mooney  
orchestra. They make one of the brighter  
new recording teams.

## JAZZ

**Time After Time . . . Moon-Faced, Starry-  
Eyed . . .** Teddy Wilson . . . Musicraft (462)  
. . . Presenting two popular songs in a con-  
trast of mood and tempo, Teddy and his  
quartet come up with a fine bit of jazz.  
You'll hear some solid tenor sax and guitar  
solos, and Teddy's impeccable pianistics  
spark the platters throughout.

**Fine And Dandy . . . The Lonesome Road . . .**  
Benny Goodman . . . Capitol (394) . . .  
"Fine And Dandy" is just that as Benny  
and his new quintet add it to the list of top  
jazz recordings. This is the first time an  
accordion has been heard in a Goodman  
ensemble, and Ernie Felice, the boy behind  
the squeeze-box, plays with a real beat.  
Even Benny's playing seems to have a lot  
of the old spirit and drive again. The  
eternal tune on the reverse sheds its rusty  
raiment and appears in sparkling modern  
dress as Benny, and the quartet this time,  
package another jump job.

## CLASSICAL

**Bach:** Cantata No. 4 (Christ Lay In The  
Bonds of Death) performed by the RCA-  
Victor Chorale and Orchestra conducted by  
Robert Shaw. This work is universally ac-  
knowledgeed as music of surpassing beauty  
and dramatic power. Bach took as his text  
an entire Lutheran congregational hymn,  
the words being by Martin Luther. The  
Cantata comprises an introductory Sinfonia  
and seven verses of the hymn. In essence,  
it is a set of variations on the basic hymn  
melody. The opening Sinfonia is exactly  
fourteen bars in length, yet it is an eloquent,  
literally death-haunted instrumental poem  
which sets the emotional key for the Cantata.  
Mr. Shaw and the artists under his direction  
give a stirring and ennobled performance  
of this truly great work. Victor Album  
(DM-1096).

**Sibelius:** Symphony No. 4 in A Minor,  
played by the New York Philharmonic with  
Artur Rodzinski conducting. This is per-  
haps the least known of the great Finnish  
master's compositions. Its mood throughout  
is essentially somber and seems to portray  
the rugged scenic background characteristic  
of the northern land in which the composer  
lives. The first movement is almost despair-  
ing in its gloomy aspect. This mood is  
partially dispelled by the brief Scherzo  
which never dares become really light-  
hearted. The third movement is broad and  
sonorous and the finale, which starts in an  
almost casual manner, grows in dramatic  
intensity as it progresses. Mr. Rodzinski  
and the orchestra give the work a character-  
istically splendid performance. Columbia  
Album (M or MM-665).

THE END

## Tin Magic

(Continued from page 39)

with clear varnish or colorless nail polish.  
"I'll do that when I get home," she said,  
"and I think I'll try showing my brother how  
to tinker with tin, too. He'll like it!"

At the end of the session, refreshments  
were served around Mrs. Jones' outdoor fire-  
place. And as you can see if you look closely  
at the picture on page 38 the girls of Troop  
13 lost no time in testing the usefulness of  
their new tin products!

Tin-can craft is a hobbyhorse you can ride  
at home or at camp this summer, or at troop  
meetings next winter. And, speaking of tin,  
learning to paint it is fun, too. Another group  
of Pennsylvania Girl Scouts—Troop 75 of  
Nottingham—have recently discovered that  
tin pails, pie plates, empty candy boxes, old  
trays, and tin measures can be turned into  
interesting "tolware" objects, fine for bright-  
ening up your room or for useful gifts.

For example, let's see what Peggy Burke  
and Ruth Ann Kimble of this Nottingham  
troop accomplished with a dustpan which  
cost thirty cents at the hardware store.

First, with No. 00 sandpaper, Ruth Ann  
removed any possible film. Next, a good  
dusting, and after that came three coats of  
fine quality flat black paint. When the top  
coat was thoroughly dry, Peggy polished it  
with a soft cloth and then, with ordinary  
schoolroom chalk, drew a freehand pattern of  
flowers and fruit—inspired by a quaint Penn-  
sylvania Dutch design—around the edges of  
the dustpan. With two small paintbrushes  
and crimson, blue, and chrome-yellow oil  
paint, she carefully filled in her pattern.  
Topped with a coat of clear varnish, this  
dustpan was pronounced a very colorful ar-  
ticle. Peggy and Ruth think it will be useful,  
too, for serving sandwiches or sinkers at the  
first troop party in the fall.

If you want to know more about tin craft,  
here is some helpful literature on the sub-  
ject: "Arts & Crafts with Inexpensive Ma-  
terials," Girl Scout catalog number 20-303,  
50c; "It's Fun to Design," Girl Scout catalog  
number 20-308, 75c; "Home Craft Course  
in Pennsylvania Painted Tin," published by  
Mrs. C. Naaman Keyser, Plymouth Meeting,  
Pa., \$1.00; "Tin Craft," Hamilton, \$3.50;  
"Tin Craft As a Hobby," by Enid Bell, Har-  
per's, \$2. The last two books may be in  
your town library.

THE END

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## Answer to Puzzle on Page 34

F	A	R	A	D	A	S	S	E	S	R	O	B
A	G	A	T	E	P	E	N	A	L	I	R	E
D	E	M	O	N	T	E	A	R	Y	A	I	T
		M	I	D		P	I	N		S	T	E
A	L	B		M	E	D	A	L		M	E	A
P	E	L	T	W	A	G		W	A	X		
A	M	A	I	N		R	E	L	A	Y	L	E
C	O	N	T	U	S	E		O	R	O	T	U
E	N	D		D	I	D	O	S		R	I	N
		S	E	T		B	E	T		C	A	U
M	I	N	U	S		S	T	R	A	P		R
A	N	O	N		F	U	R		R	U	B	
C	U	T		B	O	G	U	S		R	U	R
A	R	E		I	R	A	D	E		G	R	A
W	E	D		S	T	R	E	W		E	R	G


# BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

*When the heat like a mist-veil floats  
And poppies flame in the eye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.*


Susan Hartley Sweet

AND WELL we know it! Dog days are dog days whether you spend them at home in the city, or at camp in some piney woods. Wherever you are when the scorches strike, you don't feel like doing much except to seek the shade of a leafy tree, or the breeze of an electric fan, and stretch out with a long cool drink and a good book. But it has to be a super story to make you forget your discomfort and hold your attention in sticky weather. Here are our suggestions for the doldrums that attack when the thermometer zooms sky-high.


 **The Pageant of Middle American History.** By ANNE MERRIMAN PECK. Longmans, Green and Co., \$4.00. Years ago when I went to live in Havana, I wanted to read about the history of "Middle America"—the five Central American republics, Mexico, and Panama. How grateful I would have been for this book which tells such an absorbing tale of the interlocking




cultural and political history of the peoples of these countries and their present relations to one another and to us. In broad, colorful review, we see the flourishing Indian civilizations give way before the cruel might of the Spanish conquest; the several Spanish colonies develop and struggle for their independence; American exploitation, "dollar diplomacy," bow to the more enlightened "good neighbor policy." There are capitivating bits you may never have heard before, such as the story of William Walker of Tennessee, the small, drab filibuster with the colossal ambition, who made himself virtual dictator of Nicaragua. If you're curious about these nearest Latin-American neighbors of ours, here is a lively picture of what they are today, and what in their long and fascinating history made them so.


 **Lightning Strikes Twice.** By MARGUERITE DICKSON. Thomas Nelson & Sons, \$2.50. Do you dream of a career but find it next to impossible to set aside the time to work at it? That's the way it was with Ellen Seymour in this story. She wanted to be a dancer, as her mother had been in the

Broadway production, "Lightning Strikes." But junior year in high school brought her a part in the school play, a chance to be a cheerleader, and dates with boys and girls. The result was that her work at her mother's dance studio suffered. When Ellen finally learned that you can't succeed in a career unless you are willing to work and sacrifice for it, she was rewarded beyond her wildest dreams. It's not surprising that these modern youngsters ring true or that the dance background is authentic, because the author is in constant contact with young people through her work in a dance studio. If you're thinking of dancing as a career, you'll be especially interested in this book.

 **Jane.** By JEAN GOULD. Houghton, Mifflin Company, \$2.50. Jane was the younger daughter in the Reverend George Austen's large and affectionate family. The numerous Austen connections were English people of position and influence, and the family was in comfortable circumstances. The young people were intelligent and fun-loving and they had mighty good times among themselves. Jane especially, with her ready humor, her keen common sense that routed sham, was a delight to everyone, and though she lived in the late seventeen hundreds, she enjoyed all the gaiety and good times a modern girl could ask for. There was always a fond brother on hand to watch out for her at balls and parties—not that she needed much help, for young men, then as now, flocked around such a pretty, witty, good dancer. Jane began to write for the fun of the thing, mocking the pretentious, unnatural mysteries and love stories that were best sellers then. Her loving family was her first audience, and she completed three novels for their ears and eyes before she had any of them published. Even if you haven't read Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," or ever dreamed of some day seeing a novel of your own in print, you'll enjoy Jean Gould's story of Jane Austen.

 **Juliette Low.** By MILDRED MASTIN PACE. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.00. This is the story of a great lady who was born in America and never ceased to love it dearly, though she married a wealthy Englishman and went her witty, brilliant way around the whole world. As a child,

Daisy, as Juliette Low was called, heard the tramp of Yankee feet in her beloved Savannah, but later came gay years at boarding school in New York, a debut in Savannah, and marriage to handsome Willy Low. In England, Lord Baden-Powell interested Daisy Low in Girl Guiding and after trying it out for herself in London and Scotland, she gathered together her dogs, and the teakettle without which she never traveled, and rushed home to give Girl Scouting to the girls of America. Girl Scouts will read this account of the founder of their movement with pride, and all girls will enjoy this happy story of a fascinating woman who could turn a handicap into an asset, and who worked hard to foster her dream of friendship among girls of different nations. Mrs. Pace gives the reader a real sense of Juliette Low's personality—her courage, her wit, her energy, and what exciting fun it was to be around her.

 **Toward a Better World.** Edited by WILLIAM SCARLETT. The John C. Winston Company, \$2.00. Older readers who are interested in reading about and discussing the significant questions of the day will find food for thought in this collection of essays by twelve eminent Americans, who here discuss their ideas of how the Christian doctrine may be made an instrument for building a better world. The authors are people who have reason to know what they are talking about—Sumner Welles, former Undersecretary of State; Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, international authority; Eleanor Roosevelt, U. S. representative to the U. N. Council; Arthur Holly Compton, distinguished physicist, and others. They give their opinions on such vital domestic and international issues as The Minorities Question, The Negro Problem, The Legacy of the Japanese-American Evacuation, Full Employment, The United Nations, Our Relations to Russia, The Moral Meaning of the Atomic Bomb, The Treatment of Ex-Enemy Nations, and others. Do you believe the Russian attitude is an expression of deep insecurity, or is it identical with Nazi aggressiveness? What do you think of the segregation of the Negro? What do you think of our treatment of Japanese-Americans in 1942? You have no doubt talked about these questions in class, debated them in public speaking, and argued





them among yourselves. Even though you may not always agree with all these writers have to say, you will find it exceedingly interesting to see where they stand on these subjects, and in what way they believe that Christian principles may guide us as individuals and as a nation in dealing with them.

**Willow Hill.** By PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY. Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50. This lively, well-written novel deals honestly with the kind of problem in race relations you may be meeting and thinking about in your world today. In fact, you may be able to recognize some of your fellow townspeople in the residents of Willow Hill. The heroine, Val Coleman, is an average high-school girl, interested in writing, dates, and fun, and reluctant to be involved in the conflict that the Negro residents of a Government housing project bring to Willow Hill. Her impetuous friend, Judy, and the two boys, Steve and Tony, make an interesting foursome; the Negro young people are real and unexaggerated; and May Evans and her brother Jeff are especially attractive. Thinking and acting for themselves, these young people engage in a courageous and dramatic crusade which moves swiftly, with suspense and excitement, through their school activities—classes, assemblies, dates, the school paper, and a thrilling basketball game. Though the story ends on the hopeful note that some day intolerance will be out of fashion, there is no definite, "lived-happily-ever-after" solution for Willow Hill, and no offering the reader a neat package marked "race problem solved." If you complain that many juvenile stories are too full of sweetness and light, and lack the courage to face facts realistically, this deserving winner of the \$3,500 Youth Today Award is the book for you.

THE END

## Mrs. Baxter's Butterfly

(Continued from page 37)

could only manage a halfhearted interest. It just goes to show, she thought disgustedly. Johnny was supposed to be super and Ruth a mess, and it's just the other way around. She'd be quite attractive if she didn't look so tired. And she's older than Johnny, she decided. Oh, gosh!

When they reached the house, the telephone was ringing. Doris, glad to be free of Ruth's shy silence, rushed to answer.

"Hello, Push Face." It was Bob's voice. "Just wanted to let you know I'll be in Saturday morning."

"That's swell, Bob!"

"I've got more news. Keith's going to be able to make it after all. It'll be close, but he'll be in on the evening train, Saturday."

Doris clutched the phone, eyes sparkling. "Oh, gosh, Bob! That's super. We'll be expecting you."

"By, Funny Face."

"By, Bob. You're an angel."

Doris was eager to tell Peggy the good news, but before she could spare a moment from getting Ruth settled, Peggy called. She was despondent.

"I'm terribly sorry, Doris. Johnny's a definite flop! And I've discovered he's just learning to dance!"

Doris brushed the apology aside. "I'm all fixed with a date. Keith's coming after all."

"Gee, that's swell. Johnny can go with Ruth then, as you planned. Hello! Hello! Doris?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Well, say something. What's the matter with you?"

"I—well—" she hesitated. "It's just that it seems such a dirty trick to stick Ruth with Johnny, if he's only learning to dance."

Peggy scoffed. "Nonsense. She probably isn't any better herself. Besides, Ruth and Johnny will go home soon but you and Danny live here. Your whole future is at stake."

"Yeh, I guess so. But Ruth loves to dance; she told me so."

**B**Y Saturday night, when they were dressing, Doris could no longer ignore the feeling in the pit of her stomach. Impulsively, when she saw that Ruth was not going to fit into any of her old evening dresses, Doris offered her the new white one.

Ruth's fingers closed over the crisp full skirt lovingly, her eyes shining. "It's swell of you, Doris. But I couldn't take your new dress. Besides—" She whirled around the room gaily—"It feels so good to be going to a dance again that a little thing like a dress isn't important."

Doris noticed that, for the first time, the tired, drawn look on Ruth's face had relaxed into happy animation. "It is important," she said, suddenly decisive, "and if you won't take the white one we're going to have to do something. Now stand up, me proud beauty, and try every one of these on again."

They tried first one and then another, laughing as Ruth struck incongruous poses in the ill-fitting gowns. But, the dresses simply did not fit. "Gosh," Ruth sighed, "I haven't had so much fun in years."

"Years! Year! That's it!" Doris rushed to the closet and emerged a moment later with a garment bag. "Mother gave me one of her evening dresses," she explained, "but she's making me save it a couple of years, until I grow up to it. Where is—here!" She held up a flowered dress triumphantly.

Ruth gasped. "It's lovely!"

"Try it, quick!"

Doris stood off, waiting to get the effect as Ruth slid the dress over her head. She beamed. "Super," she applauded. "Just super!"

Ruth turned slowly, examining herself in the mirror. Her glance caught the image of Doris in the background. "I'll never forget tonight," she whispered. "Never!"

Doris felt the smile freeze on her face. Oh, why does she have to be so terribly nice and grateful just now, she thought hopelessly, why?

Seeing that something was wrong, Ruth gaily changed the subject. "What's my date like? Handsome?"

Doris stalled. "You'll see in a second." But the seconds dragged into minutes while she tried desperately to delay going down to the living room.

But there was an end to all the primping and powdering she could do to stall for time, and her mother's summons, coming up from the hall below, finally made the plunge necessary. "Doris, the boys are waiting for you. Aren't you ready?"

"We're coming, Mums!"

Keith met her at the foot of the stairs. "Doris, you look swell!" He took her arm and held her off to admire her dress. "Good enough to eat." His eyes left Doris and strayed to Ruth, registering pleased surprise. "Well!"

"Ruth," Doris found herself saying, "this is Keith, Bob's roommate. And this," she indicated Johnny, squirming, hat in hand, by the doorway "is my date, Johnny!" She stopped aghast. There goes my impression on Danny Post, she thought. Instinctively she stole a glance at Ruth. At least, she decided, a pleased feeling sneaking into her unhappiness, I've made Ruth's evening a success.

The introductions over, they began to say good-by to Mrs. Baxter. Doris kissed her mother impulsively.

"Good night, Mums."

Mrs. Baxter's eyes were sparkling. "I'm proud of my butterfly," she whispered. "She's learned to fly."

Doris felt a lump forcing its way to her throat. With great difficulty she controlled the threatening tears as she felt Bob's reassuring hand on her arm.

"You know what, Mrs. Baxter?" he demanded of his mother over Doris' shoulder. "Your daughter's going to be the belle of the ball, even if Keith and I have to dance every other dance with her. But I imagine that won't be necessary. It seems Johnny has a friend in town who probably will want a dance or two with his ex-school chum's girl." His eyes twinkled as he faced Doris. "You may even know him, Funny Face—his name is Danny Post!"

THE END



"But you can't imagine how glamorous she looks in the evening—sort of like Bergman."

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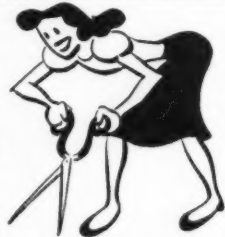
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## Plain Sailing

(Continued from page 17)

language, we see that what seemed like a baffling order was really concise and clear. Stepping forward, we take hold of the jib sheet and tighten the sail to suit the skipper's practiced eye. "That's good," we're told, "belay." We make the sheet fast around the cleat again, and return to our seat with a bit of a swagger. Learning to be a sailor may not be the easiest thing in the world, but we are getting on to it, none the less.

Ahead the waves are turning green and whitecapped. Astern the shore has diminished to a remote, dark line. Cloud shadows send purple patches skimming across the glittering water. Bright triangles of a few other sails are visible on either hand, and one of them appears to be headed in our direction. It is a larger, faster yacht than the *Here's How*, and as it rapidly draws near and passes, the helmsman smiles and waves in friendly fashion as though to say, you have a little boat and I a big one, but we share the wind and the waves equally between us, and we are friends.

Now, with plenty of open water around, the skipper asks if we would like to try a trick at the helm. Try sailing the boat yourself? Of course we would. Promptly exchanging places, we take the tiller in one hand and grasp the mainsheet in the other. The boat, like a well-trained horse, responds to the lightest touch.

"Hold the tiller firmly but gently, and try to get the feel of your craft," we are told. "Pick out some point ahead, like that red buoy in the distance, and hold a steady course. A good helmsman always steers true."

All seems to be going well enough when we are startled to notice that, for no apparent reason, the drive and speed of the boat are lessening. Suddenly the sails begin a violent flapping, the boom swings back and forth overhead, the boat refuses to answer to the helm, and our instructor, apparently only amused by our plight, is calmly saying, "Don't be alarmed. It's not as bad as it seems. I knew this was going to happen, and it's a good illustration for the next phase of our lesson. Be careful that the boom doesn't bonk you on the head—we're going to lay here for a few minutes while I deliver a short lecture."

"You've learned what it feels like to handle the boat yourself. Now it is time to stop and think. In the first place—what is the most important thing to keep in mind when you're sailing?"

"Why-er-er—" we stammer helplessly, thinking of at least a dozen things that it seems necessary to bear in mind at one time, "the most important thing?"

"The wind," says the skipper. "Especially the direction from which it's blowing. We can sail our boat wherever we wish, except directly into the wind. And that is just what you have tried to do. Now remember this: when you point your bow in the direction from which the wind is blowing, you stop sailing. The sail is no longer catching the wind on one side or the other, but is splitting it with its leading edge, which is called the luff. Consequently, the maneuver is called luffing. It is like dipping a canoe paddle edgewise into a stream, so that it splits the flow of water instead of pushing against it. By coming into the wind, or

luffing, you lose headway. This is the way to stop your boat while under sail. It is your brake, so to speak. And it is the way you parry a hard gust of wind that is too strong for you and makes you fear that you might be overturned. Is that clear?"

"Yes," we answer thoughtfully. "But what do you do when you want to sail to a point which is in the direction from which the wind is coming?"

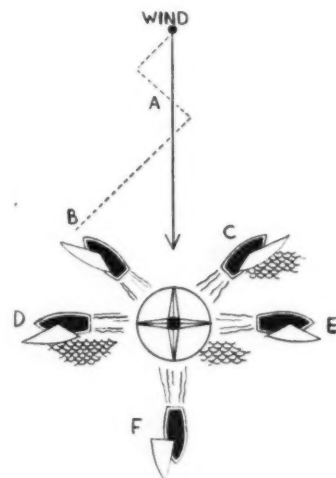
"That's a good question, and I'll answer it in a minute. But first let me show you the other courses which you can sail." Taking the tiller, the skipper puts it hard over and the bow swings slowly away from the wind. At the same time the sails fill and we are under way again on the same course we were sailing before we luffed.

"Now you can see that we are sailing as close to the wind as is possible. You have learned what happens if we try to get any closer. Sailing this course is called beating to windward, or simply a beat. The sails are trimmed in hard and the boat is kept moving up toward the wind as much as she'll go without losing headway. If the luffs of your sails begin to ripple or shake, that is the warning that you are getting too close."

Ready to try another course, we begin to fall away from the wind until it is blowing from one side, rather than from ahead. No longer beating to windward, we find that the change in relative direction brings with it a marked change in the boat's behavior. She moves more smoothly and with increased speed. The sheets are eased, the boom swings slightly outboard, and the sails belly and pull with renewed vigor. "This," the skipper explains, "is called a reach. The wind is coming from abeam—at about right angles with our boat's centerboard. It is easy to sail and is the course that boat and helmsman usually like the best."

But today we are out to put the *Here's How* through all her paces, and soon we are swinging even farther away from the wind, until it is following us like a big, playful dog. Now the sheets are eased off so that the boom swings out almost at right angles to the breeze.

"And what is this called?" we inquire.



(A) shows the course of a boat beating to windward; (B) on starboard tack and (C) on port tack. (D) and (E) show beam wind or reach. (F) shows a run.

"This is a run down-wind," our instructor informs us. "We are headed away from the direction in which we lay when we were luffing. Now, do you think you can name all of the courses we have sailed since then?"

"Well, first we sailed a beat to windward. Then we sailed a reach. And now we are sailing a run."

"Right," says the skipper. "And before we call it a day I'll answer your question about getting to a point that lies directly to windward. Here's how it's done. First we trim in the sheet and swing the bow back around until we are once more sailing a beat. On this course, as you know, we are moving toward the wind, but not directly into it. So we beat to windward for a little way and then come about by swinging into the wind, luffing, and filling away on the other side. Now we are moving at approximately right angles to our former course, but still in a windward direction. After a short hitch we again come about and sail a leg on the other tack. This maneuver is called working up to windward, or simply tacking. All it consists of is moving toward our objective by zigzag steps, because we are unable to move toward it in a straight line."

Finally it is time to be turning back. The wind might shift or drop, and it is wise to return to the harbor before the sun gets low. A good sailor is a cautious one.

Homeward bound, the skipper sets a course straight for the buoy that marks the channel entrance. Slowly the houses around the harbor grow nearer and larger, and riding serenely up to our stake, we take a post at the bow, in order to pick up the mooring line. As we fish the end of it out of the water and make it fast to the forward bitt, the skipper leaves the tiller to drop the sails. Then we go aft to help furl the canvas, coil the lines, and make everything as snug and shipshape as we found it when first coming aboard, for we know that the neater we'll be able to get under way on our next sail.

THE END

## Junior Cavalry

(Continued from page 7)

"Good," Nancy said, and gave a most unmilitary skip. "I'm commanding the troop, you know. Red didn't get in on the morning train. Just think, Father, I have Glory Girl, and I'm going to command a unit right on the Fourth of July before thousands of people!"

"Hundreds," Captain Davenport corrected with a smile. "Well, I'll be listening. I understand you do a very good job of it. Nice for you that Red didn't get in to steal your thunder."

Nancy smiled a little guiltily. Red was her best friend, but she was glad that he hadn't returned in time to take his rightful place. She walked Glory Girl over to the door of the Armory.

Fifteen. It didn't seem possible to Nancy that she was really fifteen years old. She stood quietly beside Glory Girl, whose breathing was loud in her ears. She could hear the mare's teeth click on the bit as she mouthed it. Gently Nancy stroked Glory Girl's nose. The village green was gay with flags and bunting. Veterans of four wars

(Continued on page 48)

# It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton

**The Phantom:** This is a gadget—and how! It's a radio, it's a telephone—without electricity, batteries, or tubes. It's just a pair of rubber earplugs on a pair of wires. Yet hook one of the wires on an aerial (or something that serves as such) hold the other in your hand, and you can tune in on a broadcast! Since your body controls the station selectivity, the station you get will depend on the way you're facing. For telephone purposes, you'll need two of the gadgets—one for you, one for your pal. All you do is attach the two wires of your gadget to the two wires of hers, put on your earplugs, and you can talk and listen as far away as one hundred feet.



**Clinch Pin:** If you're a shoulder-bag enthusiast, you'll appreciate this bright new idea of a young designer—a twenty-four karat, gold-plated pin that clips to your suit or dress and holds your shoulder-bag strap in place. No more clutching at your sliding bag strap every few minutes, no awkward hiking of your shoulder in futile attempts to hold the strap there. And the pin is not only good-looking—it also saves wear and tear on your clothes.

**Divan in Your Den:** How would you like to take that old steel bedspring that's now parked up in the attic, or maybe even just about to be thrown away, and in five minutes turn it into a divan, a Hollywood-type sleeping unit and lounging luxury? It's done with four legs, designed to be attached by anyone in a jiffy to any steel bedspring, eliminating the need for bed frames.



**Paint Your Canvas:** You can have fun doing dozens of things around the house this summer with a new canvas paint that's easy to apply, doesn't crack, repels water, resists sun and mildew, and doesn't stiffen canvas. You can make soiled and shabby awnings look like new. The paint works wonders, too, on beach umbrellas and chairs, cabañas, boat canvas, convertible auto tops, gliders, leggings, and canvas shoes. If you've a gift for it, you can even paint flower and other designs on any canvas object.

**Blow Your Top:** Here's the latest Hollywood craze—a spinning top that whistles and sings. Start the top whirling by twisting the strings and thereafter it whizzes away, whistling and singing, while you play it like an accordion. Out in Hollywood they also make a bowling game out of it, releasing the top once it's begun to turn and aiming it at small standing targets. Should be fun for parties.



**Hobby Aid:** Here's a powerful, adjustable, magnifying glass, mounted on a five-inch pocket flashlight which permits accurate focusing at any angle. Stamp collectors will like this because it helps detect marks, spots, breaks, dots, blurs, and other distinguishing characteristics on stamps. But coins, fabrics, small mechanical parts, insects, flowers, and many other items, can also be examined in detail.

**Steady in the Saddle:** If you do your own manicures, you'll get a lot of use out of this simple but sound little gadget—a finger saddle. It's a small, curved plastic affair arranged so that once your five fingers are on it, they hold steady while you work at the cuticle and apply polish. Cuts your manicure time in half, too.



**Hairdo Helper:** Here's a little device to help you set better pin curls at home. It's a simple clip especially designed to hold the curls in place. One clip takes the place of two or three hairpins or bobby pins, and since it's easy to open with one hand, it speeds up the whole hair-setting process. Rustproof, strong, light in weight, the clip is flat, and you can sleep comfortably with several in your hair. There are no parts to wear out, and the clips are so inexpensive that a generous supply costs less than one trip to the beauty parlor.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



## Junior Cavalry

(Continued from page 47)

were present. Old Mr. Adams, who was ninety-seven, was in a wheel chair. He was wearing his G.A.R. uniform and his decorations, but he didn't look very military. The air was dry and sweet and hot, but every so often a soft, cool breeze drifted by and lifted the big American flag on the tall pole and made it float grandly above her.

"Hi," Nancy spoke to Tiny as she approached, leading Dolly.

"I hate foot drill," Tiny said suddenly. "I never can be quite sure which foot is which."

Nancy laughed. "Hay foot, straw foot," she giggled. "Remember how Miss Davis threatened to treat us like the rookies in the Civil War, when they couldn't remember their left feet from their right and their sergeant tied wisps of hay on their left feet and straw on their right? They were farm boys and it worked very well when he called out 'hay foot, straw foot' instead of 'left foot, right foot'. I'll do it to you next week if you make a single mistake today," she threatened breathlessly.

"Oh, you!" Tiny tossed her head and her thick black bangs bounced.

Surreptitiously Nancy slid a piece of sugar into Glory Girl's mouth. She champed it happily, and breathed in soft, warm, sweet gusts. Miss Davis rode by and smiled down at Nancy and Tiny. Nancy felt good. Miss Davis glowed inside; her eyes lighted up and her whole face became lovelier when she smiled. She was one swell riding teacher.

"Say, did you know Red was back?" Tiny asked as she gave Dolly's girth an extra pull. "He flew in with his brother Alan. Gee, I wish he hadn't made it. I like the way you give commands lots better than the way Red does."

Nancy heard the words, "Red's back" as if they were nightmare words. Red was her best friend, but if he was here now she'd have to turn his lieutenant's bars over to him and return to being Cadet stable sergeant. Red would ride in front of the unit, give the commands, get all the applause and praise. Nancy swallowed hard.

The parade ground, marked off by little flags, swam before her eyes through a haze. She had wanted Mother and Father to see her leading the Junior Cavalry Troop, riding out ahead on Glory Girl, just behind the color-bearers, and to hear her giving the commands as she'd been doing these past two weeks, while Red went back to Warm Springs for a checkup. Today was to have been her day of triumph, for today the Junior Cavalry of Bay Shore was a part of the Fourth of July veterans' program, and when Red hadn't arrived on the ten-thirty train, it had seemed certain that he wouldn't be back in time for the review, as the next train didn't come in until four forty. The reviewing stand on which Father was sitting tilted crazily before Nancy's eyes as the Veterans' Band once again burst into loud martial music.

"How did it feel to be an officer?" Tiny asked. "Was it fun?"

"I don't know," Nancy said. "I never really was an officer. I just substituted for Red."

"You will be one soon," Tiny comforted. "I think you're an awfully good rider."

"Thank you," Nancy answered, "but if I'm stable sergeant again, I'd better tell you that your stirrups need shining and that Dolly's girth is too tight."

"Yes, sir," Tiny said politely.

"You don't use 'sir' to a noncommissioned officer," Nancy snapped as she unfastened her lieutenant's bars from her shoulders with shaking fingers.

"Okay, Sarge," Tiny retorted, and walked off. Nancy glared after her.

"Hey, you!" Red loomed in front of Nancy. His hands were on her shoulders. He seemed bigger and more grown-up than when he had left. He hardly limped at all. Nancy looked up into the blue eyes and smiling face.

"Oh, Red," she said. "I'm so glad you're back." And surprisingly enough, she was. Her hands were in his. At first she didn't feel the pain of the silver bars as they cut into her hands.

"Ow!" she moaned. "You're hurting my hands."

Red looked down in surprise as she opened her hands and he saw the bars. "Gosh," he said, "were you wearing them? If I'd known that I'd have stayed out with the crowd and watched. I never dreamed—Say, put 'em back on and I'll sneak out of sight."

Nancy shook her head. "Thanks just the same," she said, "but you couldn't get away with it. Everyone knows you're here. It's your right to lead the troop. You're older than I am, and you ride better, too. Is Alan here?"

stood. He walked and moved almost as easily as if he'd never had infantile. Nancy couldn't help but be proud of him. The first time he had ridden after his illness had been at her home in Bermuda. Perhaps it was that ride which had started his getting well so fast.

The bugle rang out. A thrill went right through her. She was so proud. John had never bugled so well before. It was a shining sound as true and fine as an organ note. Nancy liked foot drill, even if Glory Girl did have to stand and watch.

"At ease!" Red gave the command beautifully. Nancy relaxed her body, but her breath didn't go down inside her. In just a minute would come the command to attention, and then the review would be on its way.

"Squadron!" Red came to attention, and executed "Carry saber!" along with the other officers.

"Troop!"

"Platoon!"

"Attention!" Nancy snapped to it along with the other cadets.

"Carry!"

"Forward, march!" The troops moved forward, Nancy with them.

"Carry . . . Carry!"

The color guard went by.

"Right!" Nancy turned at Red's command. Officers and cadets moved to their positions. The band swung into "The Stars and Stripes Forever." How stirring and exciting it sounded.

Foot drill went off splendidly. Tiny didn't

## A COLORFUL QUIZ by Dorothy Sara

Do you realize how often you use the name of a color in expressing yourself? For instance, if you are feeling spry you may say, "I'm in the pink," and if you are in a reverse mood you're apt to say, "I'm so blue." A color sense is an interesting thing to have, and you can test yours right here. Compare your answers with the ones on page 50.

1. What color reminds you of the beach?
2. What color typifies cowardice?
3. What is the color of harmful magic?
4. What color reminds you of a costly flower?
5. What three colors are also the names of fruits?
6. What color comes out of a fire?
7. What color makes you think of the oyster?
8. What color is a plant leaf used for dye?
9. What color is termed as the blood of an aristocrat?
10. What color signifies a blush?
11. What color is a sweet-smelling herb?
12. What color signifies a flower with a thorn?
13. What color takes its name from an under-sea animal?
14. What color is royalty supposedly born to?
15. What color reminds you of Chinese carvings?
16. What color is used to depict envy?

"And how!" Red smiled. "He's on the reviewing stand by Colonel McAllister. Alan has two Purple Hearts and the D.S.O."

"Honest?" Nancy pinned the bars on Red's shoulders. His uniform was new and beautifully tailored. The band had stopped playing. There was an instant's hush. It was so quiet they could hear the red-winged blackbirds rustle in the leafy tree branches overhead.

The troops were lining up. Senior, senior recruits; junior, junior recruits. Nancy walked ahead of Tiny and took her place in the front line behind Red. How straight he

make a single mistake. Finally the troop lined up for awards and decorations. There was a tense silence all over the parade ground. Nancy hoped the awards would be made quickly. Cavalry drill was next, and she was dying to get up on Glory Girl's back and ride.

The Senior Cavalry were given their awards. Slim was awarded the gold medal. John was made a lieutenant, Fat a stable sergeant. Cam Milzner received fourragères—handsome purple cords to wear over his left shoulder.

(Continued on page 50)

# Jokes

## A LOT, ANYWAY

**LITTLE BOY:** I et six eggs for breakfast.  
**TEACHER:** You mean ate.  
**LITTLE BOY:** Well, maybe it was eight I et.

Sent by FLORENCE WELLS, Eva, Oklahoma

## TOO CLOSE!

**FIRST STUDENT:** What has lots of legs, green eyes, and a yellow back with black stripes?

**SECOND STUDENT:** I don't know. What?

**FIRST STUDENT:** I don't know either, but it's on the back of your neck.

Sent by ANITA DURAN, Houston, Texas

## ADD SUGAR

**TEACHER:** How would you divide seventeen apples among twenty-six girls?

**PUPIL (after long silence):** Make apple sauce!

Sent by ANN AHERNE, Radburn, New Jersey

## YARDSTICK

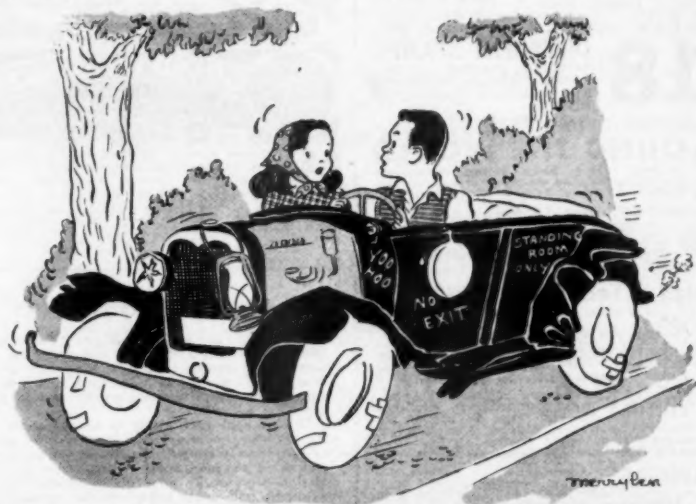
**PASSENGER:** What's the use of having a timetable if the trains on this line never run on time?

**CONDUCTOR:** We couldn't tell how late they are if we didn't have a timetable!

Sent by AMANDA M. STANTON, Warrens, Wisconsin

## LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"I hope you aren't one of those girls who like a fellow just because he has a car."

## REMOVING THE CAUSE

Jerril came running around the corner and bumped into his teacher.

**TEACHER:** Why are you running so fast?

**JERRIL:** I'm trying to keep two boys from fighting!

**TEACHER:** Who are the boys?

**JERRIL:** One of them is me!

Sent by J. ROBERTA FORBES, Pride, Louisiana

## SHAGGY VEGETABLE

"Children," said the teacher, "many plants and flowers have the word dog as part of their names. Here are several—dogwood, dogtooth violet, and the dog rose. Who can name another?"

"I know, teacher," cried Willy. "The collie-flower."

Sent by INA WARFEL, Hamlet, Indiana

## NEGATIVE APPROACH

**JOAN:** What's etiquette, Tommy?

**TOMMY:** Etiquette is the noise you don't make when you eat soup.

Sent by ANNETTE DREW, White Plains, New York

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

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## Junior Cavalry

(Continued from page 48)

Nancy was standing at attention, every muscle taut, when she heard Red's name. "Redfield Carleton—the Junior Cavalry gold medal." Oh, that was wonderful! She was so glad. If Miss Davis had awarded Red the gold medal, it meant that despite infantile he was now a really fine horseman. Nancy tingled to her very finger tips.

Points were being counted now. Miss Davis was talking quietly. Red saluted and walked over to the Senior Cavalry unit. Nancy could hardly believe her eyes. Red wasn't a Junior Cadet lieutenant any more. He was a Senior Cadet!

Miss Davis was standing very straight. The silver medal went to Elizabeth Hawes; the bronze to Katharine Dow on points. Miss Davis said, "Nancy Davenport is promoted to Cadet lieutenant with 97 out of a possible 100. Genevieve Tobin, Cadet stable sergeant with 93; Thomas Manly, Cadet platoon sergeant, 92; June Halsey, Cadet corporal, 89. Lieutenant Davenport will lead the Junior Cavalry drill. Dismissed!"

Nancy marched back to the armory. She kept in step automatically, but inside her head music was ringing so loudly that she hardly heard the band. It didn't seem possible. She, Nancy Davenport, was actually a Cadet lieutenant in her own right, not just a temporary substitute for Red. When the platoon broke ranks at the armory and went to get their horses for

cavalry drill, Nancy stood an instant before Glory Girl and looked into her eyes. She was a beautiful horse—dapple gray, with an almost pure white mane and tail. The rustle of the other horses, the thudding of their hoofs, the creakings of their saddle leather were the sweetest sounds Nancy had ever heard. She pulled Glory Girl's head over and laid her lips against the prickly hairs on her soft nose. She jumped when Red spoke. He was high above her on Black

### ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 48

- |                         |              |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Tan                  | 9. Blue      |
| 2. Yellow               | 10. Pink     |
| 3. Black                | 11. Lavender |
| 4. Orchid               | 12. Rose     |
| 5. Peach, lemon, orange | 13. Coral    |
| 6. Flame                | 14. Purple   |
| 7. Pearl                | 15. Jade     |
| 8. Henna                | 16. Green    |

Magic. He dismounted, but he still seemed bigger than he'd been when he had gone away.

"Lieutenant Davenport," he said formally, "Miss Davis said I might pin on your bars. They were mine."

"Oh, Red!" She stood very straight. "Oh, gee, Red! Isn't it wonderful?"

"You earned them," he said, "if anyone ever did. There you are." He fastened one on each shoulder. The gold medal was on a red, white, and blue ribbon around his neck, but his shoulders were bare of insignia.

He saluted. Nancy returned the salute. She couldn't speak because of the lump in her throat.

Red mounted and rode off to the Senior Cavalry. Nancy swung up on Glory Girl as the bugle blew. She felt as if she were floating on those clear high notes; as if she were drowning in happiness. The Junior Cavalry lined up behind her. She swept to the edge of the parade ground behind the color-bearers and the guidons. The command, "Rally by the right flank—Ho!" was clear and loud. The Senior Cavalry was riding. The Junior Cavalry was in formation behind the oval, at rest.

Nancy, on Glory Girl, was six paces ahead of her platoon. She sat very quietly, but she could see Father in the stand. He looked very happy. Mother was in the front row behind the ropes, just to the right of the stand. She waved. Nancy saw her, her heart bounced, but she didn't move a muscle.

"Squads column right—Ho!" The Senior Cavalry was working very smoothly. Nancy thought Red was the best rider in it. She watched him proudly. He'd be senior lieutenant the first thing anyone knew. No one else looked as much a part of his horse as Red did.

"Junior Cavalry!" The music rang out; the flags lifted. Nancy's hands tightened on the reins and Glory Girl trotted forward, neck arched, white mane and tail flying. This was the happiest moment of Nancy's whole life. She and Glory Girl were in charge of the Bay Shore Junior Cavalry.

THE END

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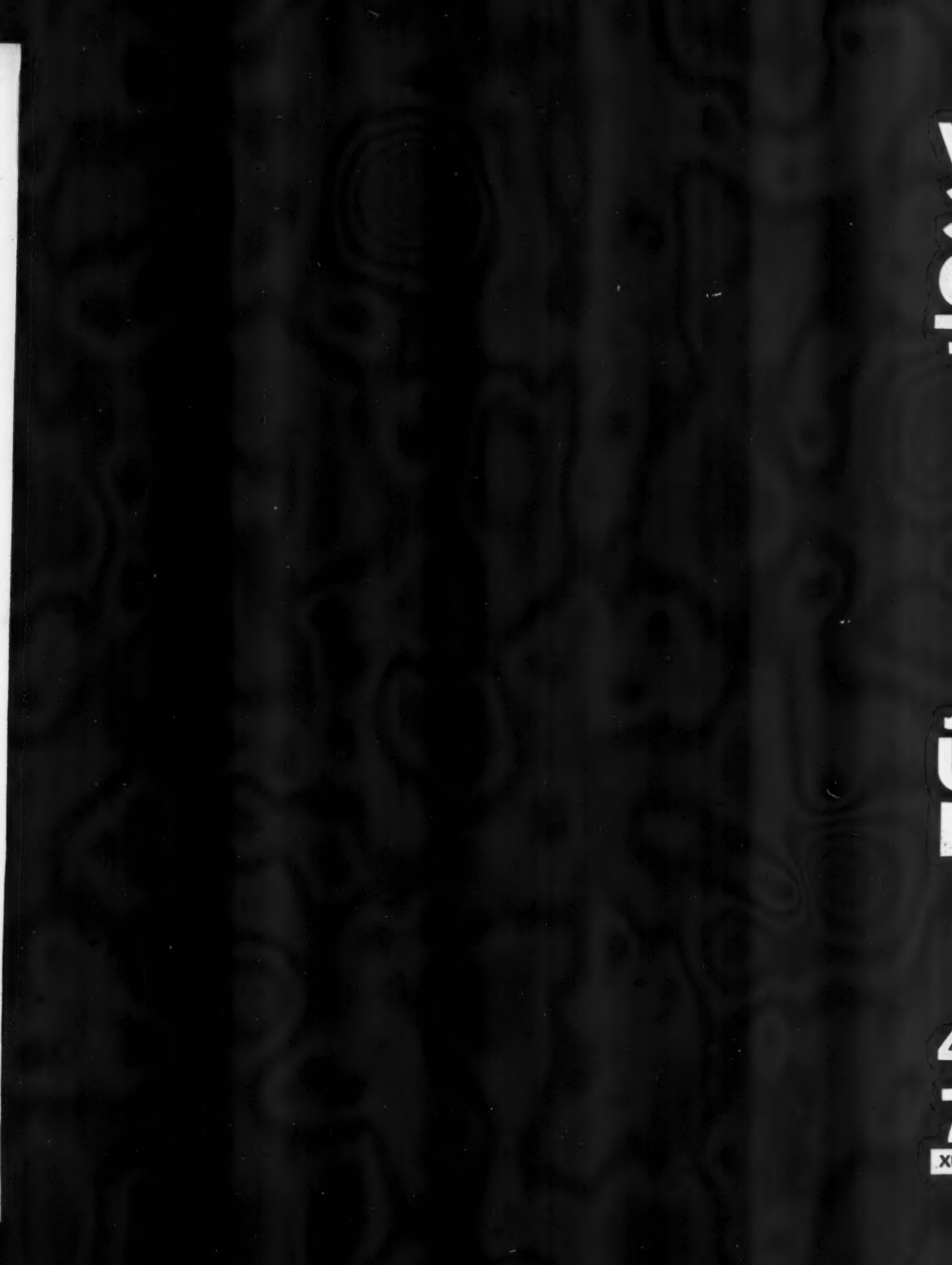


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